The Outlook

Vol. 73 April 18, 1903 No. 16

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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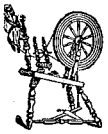

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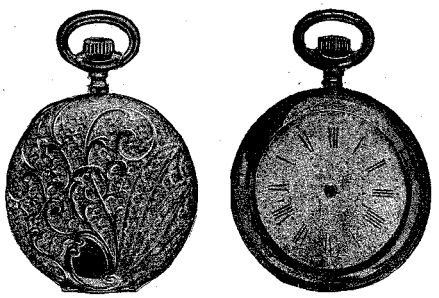

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 April 18, 1903 No. 16

The Town Beautiful

The Outlook offers prizes of $250 and $100 for the best two illustrated articles on this subject. The articles must not exceed three thousand words in length, and must reach the office of The Outlook on or before September 1, 1903. The competition is open both to subscribers and non-subscribers. The illustrations may be of any kind suitable for reproduction in The Outlook.

The articles relating to "The Town Beautiful" may describe any plan, system, or invention by which a community, large or small, village or city, has been made more attractive or less unsightly. It is not proposed to deal with purely political, municipal, or scientific improvements, such as water or gas systems, drainage, or the erection of public buildings, but rather with that which appeals to the artistic sense, that which gives charm and external beauty to the place, or gives its people opportunity for out-of-door enjoyment, or increases the love of nature and brightens the common life. As concrete instances of what is meant may be cited the design and carrying out of the recreation piers and parks in New York, the home garden plan of Cleveland (described by Mr. Cadwallader in The Outlook of February 1, 1902), the school garden plan of Dayton and other places (described by Mr. Dick in The Outlook of August 2, 1902), or the work of the Village Improvement Society of Stockbridge, Mass., the first society of the kind, we believe. These illustrative examples will suggest others; not merely the extent of the undertaking, but its originality, novelty, and ingenuity, and the relative skill in applying means to an end, are to be most considered; a little village may have done something more suggestive and interesting than the great city with its parks and boulevards. Village Improvement Societies are invited to compete, as well as individuals, and if the prize is gained by a society, it might be applied for some public or memorial purpose. In this connection attention is called to Mr. McFarland's article on "The Great Civic Awakening" in this issue of The Outlook.

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The Week

The Northern Pacific Merger Declared Void: The Facts

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the four Justices constituting the court concurring, has decided that the Northern Securities Company is an illegal combination in restraint of trade, and has enjoined the Company from voting on the stock or exercising any control over the two parallel roads, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad, which were merged by the organization of the Northern Securities Company, and has enjoined the railroads from paying any dividends to the Northern Securities Company. An appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court immediately. The facts in this case have heretofore been put before our readers in some detail. In this paragraph we simply restate them in their simplest form, so far as is necessary to an understanding of the principle involved in this decision. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad are two lines of road running across the continent from the Mississippi River to Puget Sound, parallel to each other, and heretofore competing with each other. In 1901 certain large and influential stockholders of the two companies, who had actual control of the two roads, conceived the design of practically uniting them, by creating a corporation which should buy a majority of the stock in both of the roads, and thus should become practical owner of them both. For this purpose the Northern Securities Company was organized, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and shortly thereafter purchased a large majority of the stock of both the competing railroads. The scheme thus consummated led inevitably to the results thus defined by the Court in its opinion:

> First—It placed the control of the two roads in the hands of a single person, to wit, the Securities Company, by virtue of its ownership of a large majority of the stock of both companies.
>
> Second—It destroyed every motive for competition between the roads engaged in inter-State traffic, which were natural competitors for business, by pooling the earnings of the two roads for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies.

The question before the Court was whether such a combination was a violation of the Anti-Trust Law, which forbids all combinations "in restraint of trade or commerce." The defendants held that it was not, on the following among other grounds: (1) That any one can legally hold property unlimitedly, and it is only the use of that property which can be restricted by the Anti-Trust Law; (2) that the combination was accomplished before the legal proceedings were taken, and therefore it is too late to prohibit the combination; (3) that they can be enjoined from doing any act that is in restraint of trade, but not from the mere combination, which is not itself a restraint of trade; (4) that the combination was in fact formed not to restrain but to promote commerce, by enlarging the volume of inter-State traffic, and thus benefiting the public.

❀

The Northern Pacific Merger Declared Illegal: The Principles Involved

The Court unanimously holds that the combination is itself in restraint of trade, and illegal according to the familiar rule that every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts; that the agreement between competing railroads, which has the effect to restrict the right of either of them to name such rates of freight or passengers as it pleases, is an agreement in direct restraint of commerce, within the meaning of the act, in that it tends to prevent competition; that Congress has the Constitutional right to forbid such contract or combination; that its power over inter-State commerce is supreme and far-reaching, and acknowledges no limitations other than such as are prescribed in the Constitution itself; that in the exercise of this power it has a right to forbid, and by the Anti-Trust Law it has forbidden, any contract or agreement which tends to the suppression of competition; and, finally, that competition "would not be more effectually restrained under and by force of the existing arrangement, if the two railroads were constructed under a single charter." The defendants in this case include the Northern Securities Company, the two great railway companies, and such capitalists as James J. Hill, D. Willis James, John S. Kennedy, and J. Pierpont Morgan. The capital stock of the Securities Company amounted to four hundred millions of dollars, that

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sum being the amount required to purchase the total stock of the two railroad companies at the price agreed to be paid therefor. This case is, therefore, of the first National importance as indicating that financial considerations do not control the courts of the United States, a charge which has sometimes been brought by ill-informed or reckless writers. Enormous pecuniary interests were involved in this case, and there is not the least reason to suspect that the Court in its decision was affected either by the money interests involved on the one hand or by popular prejudice upon the other. It is important as indicating the power which the United States Government already possesses under the Constitution as it now exists. Attorney-General Knox's opinion respecting the extent and effectiveness of these powers has thus received striking confirmation, and the opinion that there is no necessity to amend the Constitution so as to increase the powers of Congress is to a considerable extent sustained. Finally, the Anti-Trust Law itself has received a judicial interpretation which, if confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, indicates its far-reaching character. For if the provisions of that law cannot be evaded by a contrivance under which the same persons become practically the owners of two competing roads, it is difficult to see how any plan can be formed successfully to evade the provisions of the law and put an end to competition between parallel lines.

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The Northern Pacific Merger: The Trend of History

Even more important than in its direct legal effects is this decision as an indication of the trend of history in the United States. In 1887 the Federal Inter-State Commerce Act was passed, by which, for the first time in the history of this country, Congress made a serious attempt to regulate railroad traffic in the interest of the public. Up to that time the right to exercise any such regulation was vehemently denied. Railroad representatives insisted that a railroad was private property, and that Congress might as well undertake to regulate the price of bread or the size of the loaves as to regulate freight rates or freight conditions. That was twenty-five years ago. Now we have the United States Court deciding that Congress has not merely a right to prohibit unjust and unreasonable rates, but a right to prohibit such an ownership of competing railroads as, by destroying competition, tends to produce unjust and unreasonable rates. And while the decision is received with some criticism in certain quarters, it is generally welcomed by conservative journals and conservative lawyers, and the popular, and we judge the professional, opinion appears to be that it will probably be confirmed by the Supreme Court when it reaches that tribunal. Railroad officials themselves welcome it. The New York "Times" publishes a statement from the President of the Seaboard Air Line Railway which characterizes this decision "as one of the greatest blessings and brightest promises for railroad interests and general business that the country could have," and one that "voices the judgment of probably nine-tenths of the more conservative business men of the country." The courts are naturally and properly the most conservative element in a democracy. They are last to respond to change in public sentiment. They constitute an invaluable check on those sudden revolutions in feeling and opinion to which democracy is always liable. When, therefore, the courts recognize as definitely as they are now doing the right of legislation to enforce, by new methods adapted to our times, the principle, almost as old as Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, that private rights are always subordinate to the public welfare and always subject to public control, the assurance that the American people will never surrender this principle receives a new confirmation. Twenty-five years ago one might have asked with some foreboding the question, Will the great corporations control the people, or will the people control the great corporations? That can hardly be regarded as a question any longer. It is considerably more than twenty-five years since Senator Booth, of California, put the railroad problem in a nutshell in the saying, Formerly the highways were inconvenient, but they were free; now they are convenient, but they are private property. This decision goes a long way toward modifying that statement, by its recog-

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nition of the principle, which previous less noticeable judicial decisions have recognized, that the railroad is a public highway, and the railroad corporation a public servant created to manage this highway for the benefit of the public.

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The President on the Philippines

In his speech at Fargo, North Dakota, the President reaffirmed his convictions respecting the results of the occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States. He quoted the promises of President McKinley three and a half years ago, that Congress would provide for their material interests, advance their people in civilization, not govern them as vassals or serfs, give them a government of liberty regulated by law and honestly administered, and insure them freedom of religious worship and protection in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These promises, President Roosevelt affirms, have been fulfilled. That some instances of oppression and wrong-doing have occurred he frankly admits, and deplores; but he declares that such offenses have been the exception, not the rule, and that the War Department has taken every step in its power to punish the offenders and prevent a repetition of the offenses. He praises Governor Taft and his associates for the wisdom and efficiency of their administration, and declares that they are "as upright, as conscientious, and as able a group of administrators as ever any country has been blessed with." Associated with them are the best men among the Filipinos, "so that the great majority of the officials, including many of the highest rank, are themselves natives of the islands." He rehearses what Congress has done: it has conferred on the Filipinos the present admirable civil government; has given them an excellent currency; has provided a native constabulary; has reduced the tariff twenty-five per cent. on Filipino articles brought to this country—the President hopes that a further reduction will be made by the next Congress; and has appropriated three million dollars for immediate relief of the people from sudden and unexpected disasters. Finally, the President praises the army, not only for its past service in putting down anarchy, but also for its present service as "one of the instruments through which Governor Taft does his admirable work." The most interesting feature in the President's speech, however, is his quotation from José Rizal, the most honored hero of Philippine history. Shortly before his death, in a message to his countrymen bearing date December 16, 1896, Rizal "condemned unsparingly the insurrection of Aguinaldo . . . and pointed out the path his people should follow to liberty and enlightenment," and declared that the development of the people by means of education and of industry must precede the establishment of independence. "I cannot do less," Rizal says, "than condemn, and I do condemn, this absurd and savage insurrection planned behind my back, which dishonors us before the Filipinos and discredits us with those who otherwise would argue in our behalf. I abominate its cruelties and disavow any kind of connection with it, regretting with all the sorrow of my soul that these reckless men have allowed themselves to be deceived." The Springfield "Republican," probably the strongest anti-administration organ in New England, endeavors to break the force of this testimony by the suggestion that the message may have been forged by the Spaniards, but it offers no evidence whatever in support of this suggestion. The only reason, apparently, for thinking it forged is that the "Republican" cannot question the patriotism of Rizal, and therefore thinks itself compelled to question his authorship of this almost dying message to his people.

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The Candidate Without a Party

The most astonishing result of the municipal elections in the West last week was the re-election of Mayor Jones, of Toledo. It is true that this was his third re-election, but the wonder of the situation grows each time it is repeated. This year the press despatches announced that the Republicans (the majority party) were thoroughly united, and it also announced that both wings of the Democratic party were pulling together, but, despite this, Mayor Jones, "the man without a party," was re-elected, receiving nearly as many votes as the Republican and Democratic candidates combined. The newspaper

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press of the city was united against him. The "Blade" (Republican), the "Bee" (Democrat), and the "News" (Independent), not only opposed Mayor Jones, but did not recognize the fact that he was in the field. Only one daily paper—and that printed in German—was willing to do so much as publish Mayor Jones's letter of acceptance. In the campaign two years ago one of the stories brought East was that of a Republican who entered the office of the "Blade" and was surprised to find that three employees spoken to all expected to vote for Mayor Jones. When he exclaimed, in amazement, "Why, I thought the 'Blade' was supporting the Republican candidate!" he received the answer, "The 'Blade' is supporting him, but it is the only thing on the premises that is." This year the situation was evidently not dissimilar. One of the results of the attempt of the newspapers to make Mayor Jones appear ridiculous is that they have made themselves appear so. In most cities there is still a superstition that papers representing the different parties are certain to compete with one another in presenting all the news. Toledo has learned—what Detroit learned in Mayor Pingree's day—that newspapers, no matter what their party affiliations, may be and sometimes are owned by members of the same small commercial group, having precisely the same commercial interests and sympathies, and ready to combine to suppress news unwelcome to them. But the repudiation of newspaper leadership in Toledo was less remarkable than the repudiation of party leadership. In the short letter of acceptance which these papers refused to print, Mayor Jones stood for the principle that the guidance of party machines must be repudiated. He said: "As surely as I believe that I live, I believe that we can never know the meaning of democracy and equal brotherhood of all men in government until we abandon political machines, and the people—the sovereign power—select their own candidates through nomination by petition, or some better method yet to be discovered that will take this important duty out of the hands of the political bosses, the aristocracy of our day." This platform appears impracticable to those who know that only through organization, as a rule, have the poorer classes been able to unite upon the candidates expressing their sympathies; yet so thoroughly tired have the people become of the despotism of the machines nominally created for their service, and so completely do the people of Toledo believe in the fidelity of Mayor Jones, that they expressed their weariness of the machines and their belief in Mayor Jones by giving him a third triumphant re-election.

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Street Railway Issues in Cleveland and Chicago

Less picturesque but not less important were the results of the city elections in Cleveland and Chicago. In both cities the present Mayors were re-elected mainly because of the uncompromising stand they had taken for city control of city street railways. Mayor Johnson stood for immediate three-cent fares and ultimate public ownership. Mayor Harrison stood for an immediate referendum on franchise extensions and ultimate public ownership. In both cities the Republican candidates—Goulder in Cleveland and Stewart in Chicago—were men of fine personality, who had united parties behind them. But party lines in both cities counted for less than usual, and the Republican candidates lost support at the polls because they were supported in the campaign by interests identified with the traction companies. In Cleveland Mayor Johnson was helped by the relentless fight which the corporation wing of the Republicans had made against his street railway measures—resisting them in the Council, in the courts, and in the Constitutional Convention. In a most striking way, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" (Democratic), the measures designed to deprive Mayor Johnson of his power have resulted in making him the master of the whole situation. By overthrowing the charter his enemies took away from him the power to appoint the Board of Public Safety without the concurrence of two-thirds of the City Council. Heretofore the Council has been Republican, but this year the voters elected a Council Democratic by more than a two-thirds majority, thus giving the Mayor a free hand. Another issue which entered into the campaign was that of taxation—not the single tax, for which Mayor Johnson stands theoretically, but

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the equal taxation of all property, corporate and individual, for which he stands practically. His plurality was nearly six thousand—or nearly as great as two years ago, when the Hanna Republicans were lukewarm in the support of the party ticket. In Chicago Mayor Harrison's re-election was in like manner largely due to the enemies he had made. His Republican opponent stood upon a platform demanding the public ownership of street railways as unequivocally as did his own; but the fact that the traction interests were on the side of the Republican candidate led large numbers of Republicans to side with Mayor Harrison. The only tangible difference between Mayor Harrison's platform and Mr. Stewart's was that the Mayor demanded that no franchises should be extended by the City Council without being submitted to the voters for their approval, while Mr. Stewart believed this precaution unnecessary to guard the people's interests.

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Victories and Defeats for Independent Voters

In all of the cities just named independent voting was conspicuously present. In Chicago the Municipal Voters' League scored an even greater triumph than a year ago in the elections for Councilmen. Twenty-six of the thirty-five newly elected Aldermen had the League's positive indorsement, and two others were guardedly recommended as likely to make good Aldermen. The League, it must be understood, does not give its indorsement to every candidate who subscribes to its articles of faith. Fully half of the candidates it condemned had signed its platform calling for the enforcement of the civil service laws, the limitation of franchise grants to a maximum of twenty years, with a reserved right of the city to institute public ownership at or before their expiration, and the application of the referendum "to the settlement of all important policies with reference to public utilities." To secure the indorsement of the League the professed support of these excellent principles had to be backed by a public record consistent therewith, or by a private record for integrity. In two wards the League supported labor candidates, and in one the Socialist candidate. This last action was exceptional, but the League's statement of the case made it clear that the principles of good government required it. Its report upon the three candidates was in brief as follows:

THIRTY-THIRD WARD.

Unite on Johnson. Credit of ward at stake.

Raleigh I. Dabney—Republican; agent Lackawanna Freight Line; residence, etc. . . . Indicted for perjury in connection with scandalous divorce suit; . . . witness of defense in recent trial of O'Donnell and Brady for jury bribing; evidence contradicted by all reputable witnesses; . . . a most dangerous man to elect to the Council; signed League platform.

Dr. Amos C. Hall—Democrat; physician, 7526 Ellis Avenue; political affiliations bad; unfit and wholly undesirable candidate; signed League platform.

William J. Johnson—Socialist; wood-carver for Pullman Company; secretary of the Chicago branch of the International Carvers' Association of America; lives 346 Fulton Avenue, Pullman; born in Norway; 28 years old; resided in ward fifteen years; studious; well informed; reputation excellent; well qualified for office; represents the conservative element of his party and is very popular; his candidacy affords the voters of a decent ward the only way out of an otherwise hopeless situation.

Mr. Johnson, we may add, was elected by a small plurality, receiving thirty-one hundred votes in a ward where the head of his ticket got but eleven hundred. In the new Council of seventy members (half of whom were elected last year) fifty-three were indorsed by the independent voters' organization. And this in Chicago, where ten years ago many practical men could see no other escape from councilmanic corruption except the abandonment of legislative government and the concentration of municipal authority in the hands of the Mayor! Unfortunately, however, this great victory for independent voters in Chicago was accompanied last week by defeats no less conspicuous in Cincinnati and St. Louis. In Cincinnati the Cox ring candidate, Fleischmann, was re-elected by a large majority, and in St. Louis the candidates for Councilmen recommended by Circuit Attorney Folk were uniformly defeated. In Cincinnati the ring posed as the defenders of the city's good name, charging the critics of corruption with the lack of civic patriotism. In our day as in Dr. Johnson's, patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. In St. Louis the machine victory was largely due to the apathy of the voters in a supposedly

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unimportant campaign. Hardly half of them came to the polls. A St. Louis correspondent writes us, since the election, that the course pursued by the Democratic city machine toward Mr. Folk has reacted upon itself, and that "if a State Democratic Convention were held now in Missouri, all the efforts of the machine couldn't prevent the nomination of Folk for Governor."

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The Strike in Holland Collapses

The general strike in all the transportation industries in Holland, initiated at the beginning of last week to prevent the enactment of the pending anti-strike bills, failed of its object and utterly collapsed before the week had ended. Two of the three bills proposed by the Ministry for the prevention of strikes related only to the formation of a railroad brigade to insure a regular service of trains in case of strikes, and to the establishment of a royal commission to adjudicate the complaints of railroad employees. The third bill, which aroused the intense hostility of the railway employees, made it illegal for them to strike. Upon the roads owned by the State—nearly three-fifths of all—it was prescribed that the refusal of an individual workman to perform his duties might be punished by imprisonment for six months, and the refusal of a group of workmen to perform them might be punished by imprisonment for four years. Collective action to interrupt traffic was thus treated as a criminal conspiracy, and those who instigated it were made liable to the same punishment as those who took part in it. To what extent the provisions of the bill applied to the employees of the private roads is not made clear in the despatches. Those who organized the strike believed that they could at least force the Government to accept a compromise by which disputes should be settled by a board of arbitration. The Government, however, pushed its bills forward in unamended form, and secured their adoption in the Lower House by a majority of six to one and in the Upper House by a unanimous vote. The inability of the strikers to secure a larger adverse vote in the popularly elected House was in part due to the absence of universal suffrage—the poorer half of the people being without the franchise—but was in the main due to the feeling of even the lower middle classes that the interruption of railroad traffic was an offense apart from that of a strike in an ordinary business. The collapse of the strike among the working people in the cities was due in part to the feverish effort to extend it to unaffected trades, and particularly to the bakeries, and in part to the fear that the German Government would seize upon the interruption of traffic on the roads entering the Empire as an occasion for interference in the government of Holland. Thus a patriotic impulse worked against the success of the strike. The collapse of the strike, however, does not mean that the working-class sentiment it expressed has been dissipated, or that the Radical and Socialist parties will give up the fight for a modification of the new laws. The Socialists and the Individualists have in this crisis in Holland changed places; the Socialists have been the champions of "individual liberty," and the Conservatives the champions of the supreme right of the State to require individuals to subserve the general welfare. In Italy the Government was last week confronted with the danger of a general strike at Rome, and took the position that it would not abridge the liberty of any workman to strike, but would insure the liberty of all workmen to work; and the Roman strike collapsed even more speedily than the Dutch.

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Servia

Last week's most picturesque news from the Balkan Peninsula came, not from the Turkish provinces, but from the little kingdom of Servia on their border. Alexander I., the young Servian King, has the army on his side, but is opposed by the large body of Radicals, who, in the Skupshtina, or Parliament, have recently caused suffrage laws to be passed obnoxious to the King because calculated to increase Radical power. Accordingly, without warning, one day last week the King suddenly issued a proclamation suspending the Constitution. Then, as absolute monarch, he annulled the objectionable laws, deposed all the judges save one, retired the Senators and Councilors of State, and appointed new ones. Five minutes, so it is reported, after this promulgation, a second procla-

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mation was posted, restoring the Constitution to its former validity, and, of course, the youthful despot to his position as constitutional monarch. As a swift, sensational stroke of state nothing could have been more Oriental—indeed, the complete independence of Servia from Turkey only dates from 1878; it recalls the King's previous attempt in the same direction, which was also a subject for comic opera. When only seventeen, he decided that the regency (proclaimed until Alexander should attain his majority by Milan I., his father, abdicating) was no longer necessary; he therefore invited the regents to dinner, and while at table had them all suddenly arrested by the troops and imprisoned, whereupon he at once proclaimed himself King and free from tutelage. Quickly following this, he re-banished his disreputable father, ex-King Milan, who had tried to regain the throne, also kept the beautiful Queen Natalie, his mother, out of Servia, and, defying the wishes of his own court, married a woman very much his senior, the widow of a local doctor. Queen Draga, however, as she is now, is believed to have exercised a restraining influence on her young spouse; at all events, he has not lately been so prominent before the world. The event of last week may have another cause than that of mere personal autocracy. The Servian Radicals do not favor ultra-militarism; the King not only favors it for its own sake, but with peculiar force at the present time, in view of the Balkan unrest.

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The Amity Conferences

Lament has been made over the decline of interest in the "monthly concert of prayer for missions," that flourished for a large part of the last century. One could hardly attend the Conference on Missions annually held at Amity Church, New York, without recognizing that the decadent institution has been improved upon in a way that other churches might profitably imitate. Three afternoons and evenings, six sessions in all, occupying about the same time in the aggregate that was given in a year to the "monthly concert," are devoted to various aspects and fields of missionary enterprise. These are presented by men and women familiarized with their subjects by personal experience and warm from their work. Preceding these, each session begins with a brief exposition of some portion of Scripture pertinent to the theme in hand. The thirteenth of these annual Conferences was held during the recent Passion Week. Indicative of the broader conception of missionary interest now gaining hold—illustrated in such a work as Dr. Dennis's "Christian Missions and Social Progress"—was the sociological tinge given to the programme. One session was devoted to Woman's Work, one to China, one to some conditions in Greater New York. While Amity Church is denominationally Baptist, the undenominational character of these Conferences is conspicuous throughout. A delightful feature is the table fellowship, between the afternoons and the evenings, at the supper in Amity Hall, connected with the church. Amity Church is honorably distinguished among the churches of New York for the large and varied institutional work that it carries on with means quite inadequate to needs. In view of these needs, the wisdom and efficiency with which the means at hand have been applied by the pastor, the Rev. Leighton Williams, deserve reinforcement quite independently of denominational considerations.

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Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Cuba

Last week an Encyclical from the Pope in Latin and Spanish was read in all the Cuban Roman Catholic churches, in which Leo XIII. declared that the change of the country into a Republic, accomplished as an incident of war, has exercised an influence on the status of religion. On this account, and by reason of the cessation of the sovereignty of the King of Spain, the Pope regards it as a duty to inform himself exactly as to Cuban spiritual welfare, and hence sent thither Archbishop Chapelle, as Apostolic Delegate. It is understood that the encyclical reflects the conclusions of the Archbishop's report. As the great amount of territory in the dioceses of Santiago and Havana renders episcopal visitations difficult, Cuba is to be divided into four instead of two dioceses, the new ones to be known as the dioceses of Pinar del Rio and Cienfuegos. The diocese of Pinar del Rio comprises the province of the same name; the diocese of Cienfuegos comprises the

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province of Santa Clara. Santiago will remain the principal see to which the other Cuban dioceses will be subject, but Porto Rico is to be severed from the see of Santiago and become, for the present, immediately subject to Rome. The encyclical ends with an injunction which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in France might lay to heart with advantage: "Let everybody in sacred orders wholly abstain from interference in political matters."

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Dreyfus Redivivus

Last week in the French Chamber of Deputies M. Jean Jaurès, perhaps the most eloquent orator in France, brought out two new facts concerning Captain Dreyfus, who eight years ago was unjustly degraded from his rank in the army and after suffering cruel indignities was condemned to imprisonment for life on Devil's Island, off the French Guiana coast, where he endured an infamous captivity. When it was discovered that the sentence of the court martial rested on forged documents, the Court of Cassation, or Supreme Court, set aside the sentence, and ordered that Captain Dreyfus should receive a second trial. To this end a court martial was called at Rennes, at which, though the evidence showed the prisoner to be innocent, he was unaccountably adjudged guilty, although this time recommended to mercy! Later he was pardoned, but, unfortunately, never rehabilitated. The members of both courts martial were charged with having been influenced by many incriminatory documents not shown to the accused or to his counsel. One of the documents which helped to convict the prisoner, according to M. Jaurès, was a falsified paper bearing alleged annotations by the German Emperor. A new fact was then disclosed by M. Jaurès—a letter written by General de Pellieux to M. Cavaignac, then Minister of War, asking permission to resign because he had been "duped by men without honor and unable any longer to count upon the confidence of my subordinates . . . and to feel confidence in those of my chiefs who have made me work with forgeries." After this letter had been read, M. Brisson, who had been Premier of the Cabinet in which M. Cavaignac was War Minister, arose and denounced the latter as unworthy to be called a Republican or to be treated as an honest man, pointing out that for sixteen days M. Cavaignac had concealed from his official chief the forgery committed by Colonel Henry (the suicide), and that until the present time M. Cavaignac had suppressed the letter written by General de Pellieux. The attempt of M. Cavaignac to explain this suppression was farcical. The former War Minister's reputation has now descended to a low level compared with that of five years ago, when his speeches were ordered to be published in every French Commune, and when his admirers looked upon him as destined one day to become President. The present War Minister, General André, immediately announced that the Government was ready to open an administrative inquiry and aid in the widest investigation of the truth regarding the Dreyfus case. This bold and gratifying declaration was sufficient cause for the votes of over three to one, first of confidence in the Government, and secondly recording the Chamber's determination not to allow the Dreyfus case to pass from the judicial domain. All friends of France, therefore, should feel a sense of relief that a third court martial will not be permitted to stand in the way of common justice. If the Dreyfus inquiry is confined to the civil tribunals, the prisoner of Devil's Island may ultimately obtain complete rehabilitation.

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More Trouble in the Caroline Islands

Interferences with the work of American missionaries in the Caroline Islands, which began when Spain took possession, were supposed to have ceased when Spain sold her title to Germany. At that time the German Government pledged itself to non-interference with the work, which long antedated European occupation. According to a letter just received at the missionary headquarters in Boston, a German naval officer has made himself as vexatious there as the German admiral in 1898 at Manila. The graduating class of the native training-school for teachers and preachers on Ruk Island has been arrested and carried to Ponape, three hundred miles distant, the seat of the colonial government. The arrest was made December 26, and

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the prisoners were still in custody February 16. They are charged with disloyal utterances against the Government, and the same charge is laid against the American missionary, the Rev. M. L. Stimson. The American Board of Foreign Missions, with a clean record in this point of nearly a century, regards this charge as preposterous. Mr. Stimson and his wife, both of them college graduates, both having served as missionaries in China, are not alone involved. The charge is laid against all the American missionaries that they "make trouble." The captain of the German war-ship is stated to have behaved toward them with great insolence. The Board has laid this information before the State Department with a request for inquiry and redress, and especially for the fulfillment of the pledge of non-interference with missionary work. Since the Carolines were transferred by Spain to Germany, the Board has been desirous to transfer its mission in Micronesia to any society, British or German, that will accept it. But it is reported that the German Government does not wish any Protestant society to succeed the American missionaries. That Germany will deal fairly with us in this matter, whatever an individual may have done, is not to be doubted.

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Protection for the Family

The annual reports of the National League for the Protection of the Family hold deservedly high rank in sociological literature. The twenty-third of the series, just published, notes particulars which go to show that recent legislation on marriage and divorce has been mainly in the right direction. It is surprising that so few of the States collect and publish statistics of these vital facts, though knowledge of the facts is essential to the sound public opinion that prompts the correction of evils. Familiarity with the divorce evil, Secretary Dike believes, has a deadening influence on public opinion. He is informed that the large number of divorces granted in California is approved there in so-called good society. The effort to secure uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the Union has made no progress during the year. On the other hand, the migratory divorce seekers, whom such legislation would affect, are becoming, through the increase of various restrictions upon divorce, less numerous every year. The report touches on an evil that is now confronting organized charity—the desertion of families by the responsible breadwinner. Deserted wives, mostly with children, constitute about one-tenth of all the new "cases" before the Associated Charities of Boston. The evil is increasing in large cities. It is time to consider whether the desertion of a dependent family should not be made an extraditable offense. The importance of the family as the social unit, the vital cell, on whose soundness depends the soundness of the social organism, cannot be overestimated. While students of social science recognize this, it needs, as Dr. Dike observes, to be more emphasized by the churches, not as if "to do something for the home," but to awaken the right spirit within the home itself. Religious publishing societies may here co-operate with the churches on lines which the report suggests. And business men, who may be supposed to know the economic value to themselves of virtuous homes, may well take a larger interest in the subject. The League for the Protection of the Family is working in their interest and has a claim on their co-operation. For copies of this instructive report address the Secretary, Dr. S. W. Dike, Auburndale, Mass.

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The Industrial Work of the Young Men's Christian Association

Senator Proctor, of Proctor, Vermont, recently erected a $30,000 building for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association members in the great marble works at that place, and the institution is now in successful operation. It calls attention to the Association's new endeavor in establishing at different industrial centers agencies for its physical, educational, social, and religious propaganda. Such stations have already been located in appropriate buildings at the Westinghouse Air Brake Works, Wilmerding, Pa., at the Johnson Iron Works, Lorain, Ohio, and at the Arkansas Lumber Company's camp in Arkansas. Other agencies in other important industrial centers are now being established on the principle which guides all, namely, that employees are themselves

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to commence the work and to maintain it, the employers co-operating with the men in the latter's own organization, and at the request of the men themselves. Workers are never to be patronized, but are to be given every opportunity for initiative and control. For the encouraging part of this movement is that it comes from the men themselves, and is not an effort primarily on the part of the companies nor their employees. This appeals to the independent spirit of the American workingman; it is fundamental in all efforts which are to reach the problem and are to be increasingly successful. During the month in which the Proctor building has been opened the membership has been increased to nearly three hundred and fifty. Two-thirds of the members are foreign-born, many representing nationalities for which Christian work has not always been abundantly fruitful of good results—the Hungarian element, for instance. Of the Hungarians at Proctor forty have already joined the English class taught by a Hungarian. As in the other industrial centers where this particular endeavor is being instituted, so at Proctor (though only about one-half of the membership represents any church affiliation) the Roman Catholic membership amounts to more than that from all the Protestant denominations put together. It is gratifying to record the general sympathy of the priests everywhere with the new movement, even if exceptions to this rule may be noted here and there. In some cases the priests have come to the Association building and have themselves addressed the men, commending the Association's work in strong terms; and there are cases where, at the morning mass, the priest has taken occasion to read the Association's notices in connection with those of the Church. The new venture, therefore, of the Young Men's Christian Association is one of apparently limitless possibilities, not only in the religious world, but also in the domains of physical improvement, of mental attainment, and of social regeneration.

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Colony Gardens

In its Colony Gardens Copenhagen has an institution that might profitably be copied by many of our own municipalities. By a colony garden is understood a city square, preferably in the suburbs, where land is cheapest, divided off into gardens about fifteen by twenty feet, each garden having at the front a small summer house with a flagstaff bearing aloft the red and white flag of Denmark. The largest number of gardens in one inclosure is about four hundred, which means ample accommodation for two thousand persons, and the total number is three thousand, with room for fifteen thousand persons, or four per cent. of the population of Copenhagen. All but a few of the Copenhagen colony gardens are under the control of one organization, the secretary of which, Mr. P. Hansen, was the originator of the whole scheme. The purpose of the garden society, as it is called, is to furnish the better class of working people, using that term in its conventional sense, with a satisfactory substitute for the summer homes of the wealthier classes. The company is organized on the mutual plan, with a capital stock of about $7,000, divided into shares of $13.50 and $27 each. Dividends up to five per cent. may be paid. If the profits exceed that amount, one-fifth of the excess is placed in the reserve fund, until a certain amount is reached; the balance is distributed among the stockholders. Some of the inclosures are owned outright by the company, others are rented from the commune for a short term of years. The cost of each inclosure varies from $1,000 to $5,000, and the annual expense to the company runs from $300 to $1,200. The annual rent of the gardens varies according to size, the quality of the soil, the expense of management, etc., the average being $1.50 to $5 per annum. This, of course, represents a larger amount in Denmark than it would in this country. The summer houses are built by the tenants and must be planned in accordance with the general directions of the company. On giving up a garden the tenant is always able to get a fair price for his house. It is claimed that the tendency of newcomers to this summer colony is to engage in vegetable-raising, but that after the first year most of these graduate into the flower class and devote all their space to the purely æsthetic. There is not a little tree-planting, too, both by the company and by the tenants. Prizes are offered

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for the finest specimens of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and at horticultural exhibitions in Copenhagen the gardens take a prominent place. The greatest pride is taken in keeping up the gardens and in making as fine a display as possible. Nobody is allowed to neglect his plot, failure to keep up with the established pace of neatness being followed by a warning or by forfeiture of privileges. It should be noted in conclusion that this is not a charitable scheme, but that it is wholly self-supporting. It reaches a class too often forgotten—the people who are able by wise co-operation to obtain advantages that are otherwise out of their reach.

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A Sewer Farm Pasadena, Cal., can boast of a sewer farm which ranks among the largest in the world (containing 300 acres), yields $25,000 a year to the city, besides effecting numerous savings, and demonstrates the fallacy of the argument that American municipalities are unable to conduct business enterprises on a business basis. The farm is fifteen years old, and was established in the first instance to provide a means of disposing of the sewage, but the thrifty officials of the town have made of it a profitable enterprise as well. The argument advanced and followed was: If the sewage can be used by individuals to irrigate the arid lands about the city, it is equally available for the city to convert them into fertile and productive fields. Sixty acres are planted in English walnuts; and alfalfa in large quantities has been raised, sufficient for the city's horses, and many tons over for sale. A recent innovation has been the establishment of a herd of swine. One hundred have been raised, and the number is to be increased to three hundred. They are fed on corn and pumpkins which are raised in large quantities on the farm. It is expected that the swine industry will be as profitable as the English walnuts. The farm also utilizes the horses of the fire and street departments that have become too old for active city work, but can readily be used on the farm. The whole experience of Pasadena with its municipal farm has been an instructive one, from whatever point of view we regard it. It clearly demonstrates that there exists in this country the same sort of business abilities that have made European cities famous. It serves as an answer to the captious critics who maintain that no city can economically and profitably administer a business undertaking. It points the way to a healthful and utilitarian disposition of sewage by other cities, whether situated, like Pasadena, away from natural means, in which case the system is a public necessity, or situated, like other communities, on or near navigable streams capable of carrying away the accumulations of city waste.

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Good Friday and the Christian Year

The observance of the Lenten season culminated in the Good Friday services held in all parts of the country last week. In New York City, for instance, services were held in all the more important churches, such as the Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Reformed; and in at least one Unitarian and one Universalist church. Although of course these services were varied in form, from pontifical mass and the veneration of "a relic of the true cross" to the simplest of unliturgical meetings, there was a unity in spirit and to a remarkable extent even in form. Among Catholics and Protestants, in churches ritualistic and non-ritualistic, meditative addresses on the story of the Passion were given. In St. George's Episcopal Church, for example, there was held a three-hour service from noon until three o'clock, the period of the crucifixion. Until lately, in England this service was considered peculiarly "popish." At St. George's, however, where the service is far from ritualistic, this service was celebrated in a simple and beautiful way, by means of addresses, moments of prayer, chiefly silent, and hymns, mainly congregational. Almost the same form was used in a Thursday evening service at a Baptist church. The three-hour service was held in only one Roman Catholic Church in the city, the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier; but there it included a sermon in seven separated discourses.

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In churches of all names instruction and meditative worship were blended.

The general testimony this year seems to be that never before has there been such serious, spontaneous, and widespread response to the appeal which the season of Lent makes. Within the memory of many who are not yet of middle age the Protestant churches of New England did not recognize even Christmas. The only days—apart from Sunday, or "the Sabbath," as it was called—which had religious significance were Fast Day and Thanksgiving; and both of these were creations of the civil authority. Now, even in remote regions of New England, both Christmas and Easter are observed with quite as much spontaneity as Thanksgiving Day, and with more religious feeling. The reaction from the Puritan dislike of all holy days has not, however, been at once toward the observance of the traditional Christian Year. The lack of such days has been supplied by modern inventions, such as Children's Sunday, Day of Prayer for Colleges, Week of Prayer, and innumerable other celebrations, some of them certainly of a character more or less local or ephemeral. The fact that in many churches of Puritan origin the Week of Prayer is being supplanted by Holy Week, and this in turn expanded into an observance of Lent; that civil Fast Days are becoming almost wholly neglected, that Good Friday is becoming more and more a day of general solemnity, and that other portions of the Christian Year are becoming more and more widely adopted, indicates that the cohesive principle lacking in extempore feasts and fasts is being rediscovered in the life of Christ, upon which the Christian Year is based. Of all outward signs of the growth toward church unity, this one at least corresponds to a principle upon which all inner church unity depends—the power derived from the life of him from whom Christianity takes its name. There is suggestion, too, in the fact that this increase in the common observance of holy days comes at the same time with the growth of liberty in religious thought, and for the most part in the same churches. Both this growth in liberty and this growth in common observance are signs of an emergence from legalism, which presents religion as repressive, into the spirit of the New Testament, which presents religion as impellent.

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Greater Germany

The labor troubles in the Low Countries have revived the discussion which arises from time to time as to the desire of Germany to possess itself of Holland—a desire in which the Dutch by no means participate. There is very little probability that Germany will attempt, by forcible means, to make the conquest of Holland, immensely important as the control of the Lower Rhine would be. Holland, like Switzerland, is inhabited by a population of a quality and fiber which might well appall even a great military force. It has behind it, moreover, a moral sentiment which would be overwhelmingly against any attempt forcibly to possess the country. What is more likely is that Germany will wait on events, hoping that some contingency may emphasize the important community of interests between the two countries and minimize the animosity of the Dutch.

Whether Holland and the Dutch colonies are ultimately absorbed or not, the pressure of German expansion is becoming more evident. Germany itself is overcrowded, and only by the annexation of territory beyond sea, or by the establishment of colonies, can Germans supply some of those natural products which they are not able to produce in the Fatherland. This, and a very natural ambition, accounts for the Kaiser's strenuous effort to make of his country a great sea power. He had no sooner succeeded to the throne than he inaugurated this aggressive policy, and showed an eagerness to learn from any quarter how to expand commercially and politically; he welcomed every chance to become acquainted with men of affairs throughout the world, with Krupp and Siemens, Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Morgan and Governor Francis.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, German home expansion began by the forcible acquisition of a part of Poland, a province which to this day is discontented, in sharp contrast with the Polish province absorbed by Austria. The next important German annexation did not

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occur until 1864, when the Prussians snatched Schleswig-Holstein from Danish control. In 1871 occurred a third and more notable annexation, that of the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany is now ready for further enlargement, and the queries are: Will it be a contiguous territory to the Fatherland? Will be a colony? Will it be a combination of the two? The last question would be affirmatively answered by the annexation of either Holland or Denmark—the Kaiser's recent visit to Copenhagen and his effusive telegrams to Christian IX. have again set afloat the rumor of his possible designs on Denmark and on the Danish islands.

Stronger, however, that any trend towards union with Danes or Dutchmen is that of uniting under one Government all the German-speaking people in Europe. Hence the absorption of German Bohemia, Austria, and the Tyrol has been the steadfast aim of Pan-Germanism. The absorption of German Switzerland is quite another matter; and those who know the republican Swiss will advise the monarchical Pan-Germanists to abandon any notion of such union. Eight millions of Germans live under the scepter of the Hapsburgs. They are increasingly drawn towards Hohenzollern ideals, as was seen by the recent wholesale conversions to Protestantism among Austrian Roman Catholics—an event significant politically rather than religiously, and indicating the cultivation of the sentiment of a common Teutonic origin, which has avoided international complications and fostered an ambition to form a gigantic Germanic federation, which might dominate the European continent and perhaps ultimately become the world's supreme power. The German Austrians are in a position to contribute materially to the growth of Pan-Germanism; for they are dissatisfied with their position at home; they are no longer supreme as they once were, since Bohemia seems marching steadily towards home rule, marking the triumph of the Czech majority over the German minority; and the Trentino is more and more inclined towards the Italian dominion where it properly belongs. Bismarck once warned Italian Irredentists, however, that Germany's sword stretched even to Trieste; though they might hope to regain the Tyrolese Trentino, they would obtain no foot of land on the Adriatic's eastern shore. The port of Trieste would be worth more than a colony to Germany, not only because the road to this port would pass through the rich fields of western Bohemia, Upper Austria, and Carinthia, but because a Mediterranean port would crown the astute colonial propaganda which for some years William II. has been pursuing as regards Asiatic Turkey. If German expansion means that a vast Teutonic Middle Kingdom is ultimately to be erected, the port of Trieste would be of critical importance in its relations to Germany's greatest colony—Asia Minor and Syria. The discovery of the sensitiveness of feeling in this country with regard to German influence in Brazil apparently led the German Government to transfer its energies to Asia Minor and Syria, a region more practicable for colonial conquest. William II. persistently courted the Sultan, and, in consequence, has been able to make German influence permanent in the coveted region; he has outdistanced the Englishmen who for sixty years have been straining to secure the Sultan's consent to the building of a railway from Smyrna to the Persian Gulf; the German road is now partially completed. As the railway is one of the great agents of civilization, for this kind of colonizing and the consequent cessation of Muslim barbarity all the world should be thankful.

Recognition is also due to German pioneering in China. It is now a foregone conclusion that the colony of Kiaochau is to include the entire province of Shantung; indeed, it may ultimately absorb the neighboring provinces of Chili and Honan. After the failures of German colonizing in China under Bismarck, William II. determined that the Chinese colony should succeed, and it has. The Emperor's pronouncement against any interference with the "open door" policy insured England's assistance in securing industrial concessions throughout the province; partly in return for this, perhaps, partly because of the Anglo-German agreement looking towards the further partition of Africa, was due the Kaiser's loyalty to England during the Boer war, in the face of the pro-Boer sympathies of most of his subjects. During the years

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which have elapsed since Germany has obtained this sphere of influence in China, her interests have become strikingly important. The German Shantung Railway Company is capitalized at three million dollars, while at Chifu, the principal port of the province, about two hundred and fifty steamers called last year. In Shantung and other provinces there are now over two hundred German warehouses, valued at about forty million dollars, and shipping great cargoes of teas and rice to Germany in return for machinery and iron products. The aggregate German interests in China and Japan are valued at $100,000,000.

From these results it would seem that Greater Germany is being created on the lines of least resistance: in Europe by curtailing the Austrian Empire; and abroad, in the Eastern hemisphere, by curtailing the Turkish and Chinese Empires. In the Western hemisphere we probably have not as much to fear from German aggression as has been sometimes supposed. German subjects may have been buying land on the Venezuelan island of Margarita with a view to its use by the German Government as a coaling station; unofficial German agents may possibly have been active at Bogota and at Copenhagen obstructing our Panama Canal project and the Danish islands annexation. It is certainly true that Germany has settled four hundred thousand subjects in Lower Brazil, and has extended an admirable commercial influence all over South America; it is also true that, for the furtherance of this world-trade, and for the protection of colonies, Germany needs a strong navy. With characteristic far-sightedness and restlessness, William II. has built one, and has encouraged in every way the establishment of a great mercantile marine. The results to Germany's export trade show the value of this large and growing marine; for in the more important groups in the German export list only nine declined last year in comparison with previous years, while there was an increase in no less than thirty-four.

In the modern competition in the open field of the world Germany already holds a foremost position. She is the great competitor that England and the United States have to meet; to meet her, however, in the friendly rivalry of trade, by the matching of brain against brain, industry against industry, training against training. If in that competition Germany can carry the day, the United States will be the first to recognize her success. The time for small international jealousies, growing out of the advantages of other countries, has gone. We need an efficient navy as a police force; we must be able to back up with a strong arm our National policies; but, unless compelled by inimical action, we have no intention of contending with Germany or any other nation in any other field than that of commerce. In that field, if Germany can outstrip us, we shall deserve to be outstripped.

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The Meaning of Sacrifice

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you tell one who is desirous of light upon the subject what is the essential and vital truth for Christian life underlying the doctrine of the Atonement: the statement made concerning Christ in the creed of the Congregational Church, "who by his death atoned for the sin of the world"? I know that an explanation is given to the effect that we are made at one with God through the knowledge of Him that we gain from Christ's life, his death being the inevitable outcome of his life, and through our faith in and obedience to the principles Christ gave us. But is there not something deeper, some truth concerning the nature of sin, and salvation from it; something that Paul had in his mind when he wrote such sentences as, "We were reconciled to God by the death of his Son," "Having made peace through the blood of his cross," "Ye . . . are made nigh in the blood of Christ," that, if really grasped and accepted by the Christian, would immeasurably deepen and strengthen his faith and purpose? I ask from a sincere desire for information, not from any purpose of obtaining merely a theological statement from you. A READER.

We answer categorically and unhesitatingly, Yes. What is this deeper truth concerning sin, and salvation from sin through sacrifice, which, if really grasped and accepted by the Christian, would immeasurably deepen and strengthen his faith and purpose? That question we do not answer categorically and unhesitatingly. Paul called it a mystery; a mystery it still remains. Theology grows out of experience. The experience of sacrifice in this self-indulgent age is so sporadic, so spasmodic, and withal so feeble, that any statement of the philosophy of sacrifice is

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necessarily difficult, certainly imperfect, perhaps impossible.

But this difficulty does not lessen the truth that sacrifice is the central truth of the Christian philosophy, as it is the supremest experience in the Christian life. The religious history of Israel might almost be described as the history of the changing conception of sacrifice: beginning with the simple sacrifices of Cain, Abel, Noah, and Abraham; elaborated in the Levitical code, with, despite its elaboration, the underlying doctrine that the value of the sacrifice depends not on the thing offered but on the sincerity and simplicity of the offerer; illuminated by the oft-repeated prophetic teaching that repentance, consecration, and gratitude are the true sacrifices, of which bullocks, doves, and wheat are but the symbols; leading us to the New Testament teaching that the sacrifice is not offered by man to God to win his forgiveness, but by God to man as the means and instrument of conferring forgiveness; and ending with the picture of the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven among men, in which there is no Temple, because there is no longer a sacrifice to be offered, because no longer a sin to be atoned for.

To take the teaching of sacrifice from the Bible would take from it the supreme truth which makes it a unique volume in the religious literature of the world, and the central truth which gives it unity. To take faith in sacrifice out of the experience of the Church would be equally disastrous to its life, and would leave it a mere educational and charitable organization. To take the experience which has resulted from faith in sacrifice out of the liturgies of the Church would take from its services the Lord's Supper, and from the hymn-book such hymns as "When I survey the wondrous Cross," "O sacred head now wounded," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and leave the hymn-book pallid and bloodless. Life there would still be in it; the life of patriotic sentiment, of social companionship, of gratitude for nature's gifts—but penitence, pardon, peace, forgiveness, burdens removed, remorse banished, the new song "to him who hath redeemed us," which give to the hymnologies and the liturgies of the universal Church their mystic power to quiet and to inspire, would all be wanting.

To take faith in the divine sacrifice out of the experience of the individual Christian would do even more; it would take the supreme example and the supreme incentive to sacrifice out of human life. Self-sacrifice was known before Christ; it is known outside the bounds of Christendom. That is but saying that Christianity interprets the sublimest experiences, as it supplies the deepest needs, of the human race. This it does by showing human virtue to be a manifestation of the divine life. Thermopylæ and the story of Curtius take on a new significance when read in the light of Christ's life and death. These also are revelations of that life of God in the soul of man which is as universal as humanity. But take away from the Bible the historical interpretation of sacrifice, and from the Christian theology the recognition of sacrifice, and from the Christian hymns and liturgies the expression of the Christian faith in the divine sacrifice, and, in that very act, the inspiration to self-sacrifice as the consummate flower of the divinity in man, and the supreme ethical expression of the highest life, would be taken away.

It is true that the New Theology denies the old philosophy of sacrifice. It denies that sacrifice was necessary to induce God to pardon by appeasing his wrath; or to enable him to pardon by satisfying his broken law. It is true that the New Theology is fatal to that form of experience which looked on God as an Awful Judge to be feared and on Christ with love as a Divine Friend who rescues us from the Awful Judge. We can no longer sing Mrs. Browning's verse, or, if we do, it can be only as a beautiful expression in archaic form of our self-contradictory sense of fear and love, of shame and peace:

> How strong thou art! We tremble lest
> The thunders of Thine arm be moved;
> But He is lying on Thy breast,
> And Thou must clasp Thy best beloved.

But gradually a new experience is taking the place of the old—gradually because new experience grows slowly, while a new theology may be framed in a day. This new experience is not less sacred than the one it is supplanting. In it are intermingled the same contradictory elements of struggle and fears, of sorrow for sin and joy in emancipation, of shame in one's self

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and exaltation in the love of God—the contradiction that appears in the declaration in the Decalogue respecting Jehovah, that he is "a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and showing mercy unto a thousand generations" of them that love him; in the cry of Peter, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man," in the same hour in which he forsakes all to follow Christ; in Paul's declaration in the same breath, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death? thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory."

But it is no longer a dread of one Person and a love for another Person. God is one; and the forgiven soul comes to him, as the Prodigal to his Father, holding himself afar off, while the Father himself comes forth to welcome him as a forgiven son—no more worthy to be called a son, but a son notwithstanding, and received into all the sacred privileges and fellowship of sonship. The Passion of Christ is felt to be a revelation of a long-suffering God, who always shares the sins and always bears the burdens of his children in his heart, and, because he bears them and enters into them and makes them his own, enables his children to be at one with him in the beginning of a new life. For sacrifice is God's sorrow for our sins, and repentance is our sorrow for our own sins; and when this sacrifice and this repentance mingle in one sorrow common to both, the twain are one and the new life of God begins to enter into the life of the child and make that life new.

This is atonement as the new theology perceives it; this is the commingled feeling of humiliation in self and exaltation in God, of sorrow for the past and joyful hope in the future, as the modern Christian life expresses it. And from this faith in sacrifice for sin as an eternal fact, of which the Passion of Christ is but the revelation in time and within the horizon of earth, there springs a strong desire to share in that sacrifice, to be crucified with Christ, to fill up, as Paul says, what is lacking in the sufferings of the Christ; and so a new incentive to the life of service and of sacrifice. Never in the history of the world had that spirit more or better exemplifications than it has in this age of a clearer and more unclouded understanding of the love of God revealed in, not evoked by, the Passion of his Son. For the cross of Christ is seen to be no temporary episode, but the supreme revelation of the wisdom and power and glory of God. Reluctantly and tardily we begin to learn that for love to share our ignorance is the supreme wisdom, and for love to share our weakness is the supreme power, and for love to share our shame is the supreme glory. Reluctantly and tardily we begin to aspire for some share in such a wisdom and power and glory of love, to desire that we may be made wise and powerful and glorious by self-sacrifice. Reluctantly and tardily it may be, still really, we begin to follow after, that we may not only know the power of his resurrection in the newness of our life, but may participate in his sufferings, who gave himself for us, and, by laying down our lives for others as he laid down his life for us, may be made conformable to his death.

❀

The Real Success

The number of books which may be put on a shelf by themselves to form a "Library of the Quiet Life" is increasing, probably because an increasing number of men and women are dissatisfied with the hurry and irritation of contemporary conditions and are determined to seek peace if it lies within the range of possible modification of habit and method of life. Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life," which was fortunately brought to the attention of the country by President Roosevelt's commendation, has been a boon, as were his "Youth" and his "Justice," to a host of people who want to live rationally and to develop themselves freely, but who are confused by the complexity and turmoil of the life about them. A companion volume to "The Simple Life," more philosophical in character and more distinctively literary in form, is a little book by Carl Hilty, which bears the attractive title "Happiness," admirably translated by Professor Francis G. Peabody, and with the imprint of the Macmillan Company. The author, like Amiel, is a Swiss professor. He was a student at Göttingen, Heidelberg, London, and Paris, and he is now a member of the faculty of the University of Bern.

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Two years ago he was Rector of the University. Unlike Amiel, he deals entirely with the practical side of life; that is to say, with the relations, for purposes of growth and of action, of men and women. His philosophy of life, like all true and deep philosophy of life, is not only profound, but simple; for truth, as Carlyle taught the world in "Sartor Resartus," is always found close at hand, the mastery of life consists in doing the duties which lie next one, and the kingdom of heaven is not at a distance, but within.

Professor Hilty writes of work, habits, the use of time, and the meaning of life as these things bear upon happiness. His interpretation of life is at once simple and profound. It deals with the ultimate ends, and yet it brings those ends within the reach of the most obscure person living in the most limited conditions. It restates in a very persuasive form the old truth that happiness lies within a man and not in his circumstances; that it is to be gained, not in seeking it, but by free and harmonious growth in thought, action, and feeling; and it defines success as the free and true unfolding of a man's life and character. Among the many admirable truths which are freshly presented in this quiet and stimulating book, Professor Hilty has a word to say about success that ought to bring comfort to those who have nobly failed in specific enterprises, and heart-searching to those who have secured the external insignia and distinction of success. He quotes Thiers's admirable saying, "Men of principle need not succeed. Success is necessary only to schemers;" and adds: "In other words, a genuine victory over the world is not to be achieved through that kind of success which the French call 'succès,' and which for many men makes the end of effort. He who plays this game of ambition may as well abandon the hope of peace of mind or of peace with others, and in most cases he must forfeit outright his self-respect. Real success in life, then, the attainment of the highest human perfection and of true and fruitful activity, necessarily and repeatedly involves outward failure. Success, to Von Klinger, means an honorable career with victory at its close. The work of life is regarded in its wholeness, as a brave and honorable man should wish and hope it to be. Unbroken success is necessary only for cowards. Indeed, one may go further and say that the secret of the highest success in important affairs often lies in failure. The men who have most completely commanded the admiration of the world, and who are most conspicuous in history, are not those who have reached the goal of life through success alone. Cæsar and Napoleon would have been remembered only as examples of tyranny if it had not been for Brutus, Waterloo, and St. Helena. The Maid of Orléans would be recalled as a masterful woman like many others had it not been for her martyrdom. Hannibal would be no noble example if Carthage had conquered."

In this country, and in this age, these words are not only searching, but they are also healing. Every man of sound mind enjoys what the world calls success; that is to say, as it is a pleasure to see one's thought put into any kind of adequate form, so it is a pleasure to find one's work returning to one in adequate rewards. But the man who works with absolute integrity of spirit, in obedience to the law of his own nature and not for the sake of external rewards, is the only successful man, whether he secure the material rewards of success or miss them; and he who secures all the rewards of success without the inward and spiritual freedom and power of nature of which, in their best estate, material rewards are the fruits and evidence, disastrously fails. One may live in the stream and rush of life, as did Shakespeare, and be always looking into the secrets of the moral nature and always living in touch with the deepest forces; or one may live, as did Tennyson, in the seclusion of gardens and the retirement of hidden roads and lanes, and be always meditating on the things that make for beauty and righteousness. One may lead, in other words, the quiet life, whether in seclusion or in the storm of the world; for the quiet life is not a matter of conditions, but of temper of mind. One may succeed and have all the outward evidences of success about him in reputation, fortune, friends, and position, and be simple-hearted, true, and sincere; or one may miss all these external rewards and yet achieve the highest of all successes—the free and noble development of one's own nature.

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The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XV.

June 6.

WE have hired a gondola for the week. Giovanni is not as young as he once was, and other gondolas sometimes pass us, though once to-day a young fellow undertook to go by us, and Giovanni at the right moment shot by him, got the inside track, and turned the corner into the Canal to which we were both bound ahead of him. Last night, as we were taking our after-dinner coffee on the terrace overlooking the Grand Canal, a boat-load of musicians, perhaps a dozen in number, men and women, with guitar, mandolin, and violin, rowed up to the piazza of our hotel, moored there, and began an Italian song. It was a pleasant accompaniment to the after-dinner coffee, and was well worth the franc I dropped into the hat of the treasurer when he came around for a collection. Later the boat moved out into the middle of the Grand Canal; three other boats moved out from the hotels into neighboring positions; all were illumined with Chinese lanterns; all were provided with the ten or fifteen players and singers; and the different groups sang simultaneously different music. It was a very pretty sight—the lantern-lighted boats, the private gondolas with their lights, some of them grouped around one of these floating orchestras, others gliding back and forth between them; and the orchestras fortunately far enough away from the hotel to make the discords of their unharmonizing choruses not disagreeable. They were still singing at eleven o'clock at night, and then the discords became more noticeable, and were not altogether conducive to sleep.

June 7.

There are in Venice no such art galleries as the Uffizi or the Pitti. There are fine collections—though not so large—in the Doge's Palace and the Academy, and almost every church in Venice has some fine pictures, which one does not want to miss. Perhaps it is because I am not so distracted by the multiplicity of pictures in this city as in Florence, perhaps because the Venetian painters are the greater colorists, perhaps because before I came here I had been to Florence and had made there a beginning of looking at pictures, perhaps because I read on my way here Berenson's "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," perhaps because here I have been more passive than I was either at Rome or Florence, neither a student as at Rome, nor a sightseer as at Florence—perhaps it is for all these reasons combined that art in Venice has been more interesting to me than it was at Florence. I am inclined to think that the last reason has a great deal to do with it; that a certain wise passivity is necessary to get the best benefit from either music or painting. We have spent a morning in the Academy, and have visited half a dozen or more of the churches; we have yet to see the pictures in the Doge's Palace. I distinctly dislike the representations of the crucifixion which I have seen in Italy, with two exceptions. There is a picture by Guido Reni in one of the churches in Rome, which portrays the single figure, the head upturned, and the expression one of spiritual, not physical, anguish; one can almost hear from the parted lips the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is a sculptured representation by Donatello in the Santa Croce in Florence, in which the aspect is one of dignity, not of anguish, and Christ is seen conqueror over death, not conquered by it. But, with these exceptions, the artists seem to me to have endeavored to make the tragedy as tragic as possible, with the purpose of awakening a pity for the Divine Sufferer; and I cannot look at them without recalling his warning words, "Weep not for me." Christ never should be the object of our compassion; and it is a false art, as it is a false rhetoric, which would make him so. The particular picture which suggests this reflection to me now is Tintoretto's Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco. In character, conception, and interpretation, as a purely spectacular scene, it is a wonderful picture; but it is simply impossible for me to regard the Crucifixion from any other than the relig-

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ious point of view. On the other hand, there are some wonderful pictures of scenes in the legendary life of the Virgin with which I have no such difficulty. Such are the Assumption of the Virgin and the Presentation of the Virgin, both by Titian, in the Academy—the former is the more famous picture, the latter appealed to me more. Why? I think it is because pictures appeal to me more as interpretations of life than as interpretations of beauty. The Assumption of the Virgin is a wonderful piece of coloring—but that is all; in the Presentation of the Virgin she is going up the Temple steps to the High Priest, who is waiting at the top to receive her, and in the groups at the foot of the steps every variety of human experience—that of pure indifference, idle curiosity, admiration of her beauty, affectionate interest in her person, conventional regard for the ceremony, devout spiritual participation in it—is portrayed in the faces and attitudes by the artist. I suppose that my interest in the painting is not artistic, but dramatic—essentially identical with my interest in a drama or a story.

June 7.

Before coming here the Matron and I read Marion Crawford's "Marietta," and it inspired us with a desire to see Murano. Yesterday we were rowed over there by Giovanni, and to-day he got an assistant and together they rowed us over to Torcello and Burano. The former island is about a mile and a half from Venice, the two latter about six miles. Murano is the center of the glass industry, Burano of the lace industry; Torcello is chiefly interesting as the site of a very old church erected in the seventh century, rebuilt in the ninth, and partly in the eleventh. I believe that nothing has been done since to it except to keep it in repair. It might well be, from its general aspect, the oldest church in use that I have ever seen. The lace-work was very interesting because, like the Queen's Workshop in Athens, the shop we visited was supported in part by the Queen, and afforded an interesting illustration of a very practical industrial work conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, for the teachers are Sisters and the Queen is a very devout member of the Roman Church. I am no judge of lace, but the ladies of our party, who are, decide that the best Venetian lace we saw does not equal the best of Brussels in quality. I think all the glass-factories of Murano could be put in the glass-factory at Corning and leave room to spare. Moreover, it did not seem to me that any glass I saw in Venice—and we went through one of the best show-rooms—compared with the best glass work of the United States.

June 9.

We spent yesterday in the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Church. The interior of the latter is Oriental in its splendid coloring; and yet—or should I say for this very reason?—its atmosphere is not to me conducive to devotion. Perhaps that is because I am Northern and Anglo-Saxon and Protestant and Puritan. To me, at all events, there is a certain solemnity in the Gothic cathedral which I do not find in any of the Italian churches. St. Mark's is marvelously beautiful; I can think of nothing I have ever seen with which I can even compare it; but to my imagination it is not a church. In the Doge's Palace I got from one picture—Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne—better than from any other picture I have seen, an idea of the purely artistic interest in art. It was not interpretative; I do not care a jot for the story it tells; the legend is very dim in my mind, and the picture does not make me care to recall the legend; but I found myself coming back again and again to this picture, charmed by the beauty of color and by the aerial lightness of the figures. Perhaps with study I might become an art-lover after all. There are two other pictures which have attracted me in the same way: a Bellini Madonna and the Pisano Madonna of Titian in the Church of the Frari. Neither of them appealed to me at all as did Raphael's Madonna of the Chair at Florence; there was no vision of either motherhood or womanhood afforded by either. I could not escape a certain feeling of the incongruity of the Pisano Madonna, in which the Madonna seems to be painted as an excuse for the portraits of members of the Pisano family who are adoring her. It was in both cases the simple beauty of the pictures, not their meaning, not anything which they told, not any interpretation of life which they afforded, not even any emotion of human-

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ity or of reverence which they awakened, that attracted me. Quite as much as the pictures in the Doge's Palace I was interested in the revelation the palace afforded of the strange contrasts of the olden time. On one story the Ducal apartments—reception-room, ball-room, bedroom, dining-room; underneath, the dungeons where prisoners were confined; above, in an upper story, a torture-chamber, from which the shrieks of the tortured might at any time issue to mingle with the mirth of the meal or the music of the ball. That at least would be impossible in this "age of skepticism."

June 12.

To-morrow morning we leave Venice and Italy. The impression which Venice has left on my mind is, I suppose, identical with that left on the mind of every other visitor. It may be best expressed by the Italian phrase *dolce far niente*. Our mental attitude is one of passivity; our life one of luxurious idleness. Venice is the only city I have ever seen which promotes meditation; *per contra*, I hardly think it would be possible for me to do any serious work here. It is a land of the Lotus-eaters; strenuous life becomes impossible; cares disappear; problems cease to interest. There is none of the dirt which the street traffic of a great city necessarily brings with it; there is none of the roar of the distant wheels and the rattle of the nearer ones which are the last things you hear as you fall asleep at night and the first you hear when you awake in the morning in Paris or London or New York. Save for the inharmonious quartette of floating orchestras near our hotel in the evenings, Venice is the quietest of quiet places; quieter than the country, for there is no lowing of cattle, nor barking of dogs, nor crowing of cocks, nor even singing of birds. The only sound to be heard is the swash of the water on our hotel piazza and the occasional voices of passing gondoliers. There is no activity of commerce or manufacture to impress upon you, by its contrast, your own idleness; the only apparent industry of Venice is taking care of the tourists. We rise late, take a leisurely breakfast, by ten o'clock are in our gondola and are gliding along the Grand Canal, or in and out through some of the tortuous smaller canals which intersect it. The only sound we hear is the ripple of the water as the long oar is plied in it, or the call of Giovanni, "*Sa stai, sa premi, pongo eh*," as he comes to some turn in the canal, to give notice to any boatman coming in the opposite direction. Presently we get out and go into a church to look at some famous picture. It is quiet; perhaps there is not another sightseer in the church; there is certainly no such concourse of them as in the great picture-galleries. Then we go out, re-embark, perhaps lie at half-length on a cushioned floor and resume our gliding softly, quietly, by almost imperceptible motion through the water again; by picturesque palaces; by other gondolas as leisurely in their movements as ourselves. We eat, we sleep, we sail, we look at a picture or two, we sail again. It is the perfection of pleasurable idleness, with nothing to suggest duty, nothing to call us to activity. And yet, withal, there is in the atmosphere a pathos, indefinable, inexpressible, unescapable. The city is not merely old, it is decrepit. Once Mistress of the Mediterranean, there is no longer any political life here; once the chief commercial city of Europe, there is hardly a shred of commerce here; once a city of palaces, they are now crumbling to decay. One would not be surprised to awaken any morning to learn that one of these palaces had slipped from its foundations into the canal which borders it. It is the one city I have seen in Italy where there is absolutely no sign of the new Italy. Milan is essentially a modern city. In Genoa are seen old and new Italy in contrast, but the new is unmistakably at once supplanting and revivifying the old. Naples, despite its play-day atmosphere, is characterized by a nineteenth-century industry. Rome, despite its mediæval garments, has in its veins the blood of lusty youth. Florence is the repository of an art which is serenely superior to time; and its edifices, old as many of them are, show no signs of decay. But Venice is only a shadow of its former self; pathetically beautiful; the memory of a city, without a future, without a present, with only a past; for this reason best of all cities for a busy man's brief holiday; for this reason last of all cities for an active man's permanent residence.

[THE END] L. A.

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A Preacher's Story of His Work[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

III.

I ARRIVED in this country on the 10th of June, in the fiercest kind of heat—103 in the shade; I remember it very well. There was a layman waiting for me when the steamer landed, and he took me out to a New Jersey suburb, where, in his country house, I found Dr. ——, with his wife and one of their children. He welcomed me very kindly, told me he was going to rest for four months, and that he wanted me to take charge of the church; and then he said: "In addition, I have a tent on Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and I want you to preach in that tent every evening." I sat back with a gasp, and said: "My dear sir, I came over understanding I was to preach twice on Sunday; that will give me all I can manage. I am not a man to stand up in a great city and preach every night. I am only twenty-six; I am nothing of a preacher; it will be all I can do to prepare for preaching twice on Sunday." "Oh, there are men who will help you in the tent," he replied, "and, anyway, you've got to do it." I had lived a hand-to-mouth life, as it were, among poor people—the ignorant factory-folk, the working people, in the city of Norwich, with its 85,000 inhabitants, and in the East of London. But never was a man less fitted to deal with the complex questions that a city like New York develops. But there I was, and there was nothing for me to do but to begin. The next Sunday came, and I preached, and a vilely bad sermon it was. Sometimes even now I get all in a sweat when I am in the pulpit, and almost lose my head; but at that time I lost my head continually. I stammered, stuttered, and floundered about, trying to get my bearings. Everything was new and strange; and in front sat this man—the Doctor—listening critically. I knew when I got through that I had preached as bad a sermon as I had ever preached in my life. The Doctor was deeply disappointed; in fact, he as much as told me that he was disappointed. He was very frank, and said: "I have got to get away and take a rest, and you must do the best you can." And so I entered upon my work in New York.

Those were days of depression. I had a room in a Broadway hotel, where I boarded, and I had a study in the tower of the church; and from the 10th of June to the 14th of September I preached twice every Sunday in church, and every single night in the tent on Thirty-fourth Street. I had to get up early in the mornings, and in the boiling heat of the tower room sit and grind until I had worked out something I could say to those people. All that time I met no one but one family who knew me and helped me. I was lonely, and engaged in a mental struggle the painfulness of which no man can conceive who has not been through it himself, and praying daily, "Give me this day my daily bread to give to these people!" My difficulties were very great. Every evening I preached in the tent as well as I could. I remember when I got through a man got up—a good man—he was a butcher—and said some things that, even in my immaturity, I knew undid everything I had said; and then another man in the same rank in life got up and said something; it was more of a jumble than I was prepared for, and I saw it would not do; low as my own standards were, I felt that this was worse. I stood it about a week, and then I made up my mind that, poorly fitted as I was to talk to the congregations that gathered, these men were much less fitted. So I telegraphed to the rector saying I had come to the decision that if I were to do the work, I must have absolute control. He wrote back that I was working with men with whom he had been working for years, and that I must continue to work with them. Then I sent word: "If that

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is so, you must accept my resignation." He could not do that, because he did not want to come back; and so it went at that, and I had the power given into my hands, but in that unwelcome way.

Of course these people went away growling and grumbling, and I was lonelier than ever; but the congregations began to grow. This was not because my preaching had any special value; for, looking back, I cannot but feel that it was made up of the most hastily constructed, unconsidered, extemporaneous utterances that a boy with a certain volubility and doing the very best he could was capable of. It was Centennial year—a fearful summer; during July and August the thermometer in New York averaged 84, night and day. I suppose there was not another church open on Fifth Avenue during that summer; people were crowding the city on their way to the Centennial, and so after a time the tent was almost full. On Sundays the church was quite full, and I began to taste for the first time the sense of being able to put things through, and it thrilled me. It was sweet beyond words. I was sick and tired; I could not sleep at night; I do not think I averaged more than four hours' sleep every night during that summer; and the mosquitoes, which I had known nothing of before, worried me; but I began to feel that I had plunged into the midst of things. I felt that I had a message for these people in New York, as I had had a message for the people in Norwich.

I had a good many discouragements. For instance, the rector came back before the four months were over. I had a definite engagement with him, so he could not put me out; but he advertised himself to preach at the same hour in the church opposite, and I had much to contend with.

I finished my work on the 15th of September. I had carefully made a list of all the people who came to me; I took names and addresses; and so, when my work was done, I had a list of over two hundred names of people who said they wished to join this church in which I had been laboring. When my time was up, I handed the list to the rector, and said I had done the best I could. I might say right here that about this time Mr. Aiken, famous in America as well as in England, had asked me to associate myself with him to take up mission service in England; but I did not want to go back to England just then. His invitation, however, gave me the idea to take up missions in the States, for then I could get away from my troubles about baptism. I also had an invitation from a large Presbyterian church here to accept the pastorate of that church, but I did not want to accept the pastorate of any church. I wanted to be free until I could see my way clear and go back in peace to my own land. So, having about decided to take up mission work in the States, when the time came for me to go from New York, I asked the rector for letters of introduction. It was a blow when he refused to give me letters. I pressed for reasons. I said, "I have worked hard here, and of the result of my work I think you are fully aware; why will you not give me letters?" "Well," he said, "if I give you letters to different churches, you will go there and unsettle the rector; the people may want you, not him, after a fortnight." "But," I said, "I am not seeking a place in the Episcopal Church; I am not seeking your place or any one's. Here is the list of two hundred people who have come to me as a result of my work. All I want is a chance to earn my bread so that I will not be obliged to go home until I can see my way and know what to do."

He would not give me any letters, and I was almost in despair. I had no money, and I was on the point of cabling to my father for funds to take me back again. (I might say incidentally that I owed a dentist's bill of $14, which I was not able to pay for a long time.) I had never taken money from my father after leaving Cambridge, and I did not want to begin. In my quandary I went to Bishop Horatio Potter. I took my letters of orders out of my pocket and said: "Sir, I am a clergyman in good standing. I have been preaching every Sunday for four months in the church at —— Street, and every evening in the tent on Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. I want to take up mission work in the Episcopal Church in this country, and I cannot get letters commendatory to the clergy from the rector. I want to know whether you will give me a letter." I shall never

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forget the quick and loving response which the old man made.

"Mr. Rainsford, I attended some of your meetings in the tent, and I liked the work, sir. I shall gladly give you a letter, sir."

"May I use the letter?" I asked.

"You may use the letter in any way you please, sir."

And the old man wrote me a magnificent letter. I had the letter printed, and then I broke down. I had a sudden sharp attack, and with the last money I had I went off into the Maine woods for ten days, with a guide; and, being young and strong, I came back feeling all right again.

I sent a copy of the Bishop's letter to different churches, and received a response from a church in Baltimore—you know the Southern way—full of enthusiasm: "Mr. Rainsford, will you come and hold a mission in such and such a church? We have heard of your work in the tent; our people are church-going people, but they need to be stirred up; you are just the man we want. Will you come down and hold the mission?" I think this was about the first week in October. I wrote back saying I would be glad to come, and asking them to make some simple preparation for my coming. Then I stayed with friends in New York until the time came—at the one single house in the city where I was received—and on the Friday before the Sunday I was to begin my mission I left for Baltimore. I wrote saying I was coming. There was no one at the depot to meet me. I left my portmanteau and made my way to the rectory. When I got there, the rectory was closed. I made inquiries and found that the rector was in Philadelphia at the Centennial.

"Is there no other clergyman connected with the church?" I asked.

"No."

"None at all?"

"No."

"Do you know of any mission to be held here?"

"No, don't know anything about any mission; the missionary collections were taken some time ago, and we don't want any more."

I asked if there was no one to give me information about the church, and finally I was directed to an insurance agent, who was a deacon in the church. I went to him, and found him a delightful man. Yes, I found a lifelong friend.

"Do you know anything about a mission to begin in your church next Sunday?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know anything about a man named Rainsford who is coming down to take charge of it?"

"Never heard of him," he said, cheerfully.

"Well, then, there's nothing to be done; I'd better go back to England," I said.

"What do you mean by a mission?" he asked, beginning to be interested.

I sat down and talked to him about half an hour, and he said, "Why, that's just the thing we want."

"But there's no preparation made at all," I replied.

"Well," he said, "Dr. —— has forgotten all about it; that's just like him; he'll not be back before eleven o'clock Saturday night; but this is, I believe, God's doing; you stay—"

"But what can I do without any preparation?"

"Go ahead any way you like," he said.

I took the last dollars I had in the world and had two hundred posters printed:

"Mission, such and such a church. Beginning Sunday, such and such a time. W. S. Rainsford will preach Sunday morning and evening and each day in the week. Bible readings [as we called them] at 12 o'clock. Gospel services 8 o'clock. All welcome."

I took these two hundred circulars under my arm—all I could afford—and succeeded in getting these posters placed in the windows of the best shops on Charles Street; I also got the street-car people to put them up, free of charge—two things which I have never been able to get done in a town since; and then I waited for Sunday to come.

At eleven o'clock Saturday night back came the Doctor. I was in his study waiting for him.

"Mr. Rainsford, I am glad to see you, delighted to see you, sir. I have not made any preparation—in fact, our people are not back in town yet, but I'm glad to see you. I am going to preach Sunday

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morning, the Bishop will preach Sunday night, and you will begin Monday."

"Dear Doctor," I said, "I have only come here to help you, but I cannot agree to the arrangement that you preach in the morning and the Bishop in the evening. I've got to get hold of the people on Sunday if I hope to reach them during the week."

"Mr. Rainsford, you are a stranger in this country; you do not understand; I am rector of this church, and I repeat, I shall preach in the morning, the Bishop Sunday evening, and you begin Monday." It was a little thing, you may say, but it was a real crisis.

"Dear sir," I said again, "I am only here to help the work in this church and to do the best I can, but I know my business. If I begin the way you suggest, the mission will be a failure. No doubt you are going to preach to-morrow morning and the Bishop Sunday night, but then I am *not* going to begin on Monday."

He stormed up and down his study for twenty minutes. I did not say a word; I sat on the sofa and looked at him. At the end of twenty minutes he rushed out saying he had got hold of a rampageous Englishman who was bound to have his way, and asked the Bishop to let him off. The Bishop let him off, and I began Sunday morning. It was not exactly encouraging. It was a wet, stormy day. I preached in the morning, and I really felt that God stood by me. When I got through, the Doctor said, "You did a great deal better than I expected; you will make a preacher. But you made a great mistake; you did not take any text."

"Doctor," I said, "I am not here to preach sermons. You have been taking texts and preaching better sermons than I can preach all these years; I am here only for ten days; I must work in my own way."

"Go the way other people have gone," he replied; "do not do that sort of thing."

I preached again in the evening, and we had as many as in the morning; again the Doctor grumbled because I took no text; on Monday as many as on Sunday, and by the time Wednesday came the church was three-quarters full. There was an old-fashioned pulpit, from which one could look right down on the communion-table. On Wednesday evening I heard the sound of emotional crying. I looked down, and there sat the Doctor, his head wrapped in his surplice, crying like a baby. Before I could give the blessing, he ran to the front of the church, spread out his arms, and cried:

"Friends, you must come to hear this young man!"

After that the church was always full. That was my first mission in the United States. For two and a half years I went all over the country holding missions in a similar way; and I have always been thankful for the good opportunity it gave me for knowing the country and the people. I twice had a mission in Baltimore, one in Washington, in Philadelphia, in Boston, in Harlem, several places in Ohio, in Kentucky, etc.; I got pretty well around the country.

After a time, at the end of the second or beginning of the third year of mission work, I got an urgent invitation to go to Canada; and I went to London, Ontario, where I had one of the most successful missions in my whole experience. That led to my being asked to Toronto, and there the work developed into something more than a mission, it led ultimately to my living in Toronto for four years.

The Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto, by which I was invited to hold a mission, was a large and unusually fine church, very well endowed. It held to Toronto somewhat the same position that long ago Trinity held in New York; it represented an endowment given by the Government for the Church of England in the whole town of Toronto. At the time when the endowment was given Toronto had not 5,000 inhabitants; when I went there, there were 85,000. Meanwhile the church held the endowment. St. James's seated 2,300 people. The Dean of the diocese was rector of the church—a man of culture, refinement, and very considerable learning, and a graduate from some Oxford College, I forget which. He was distinctly evangelical, but of the cultured school; it was not quite the evangelical school to which my father belonged. He was an old man, beginning to fail rapidly, and he was urged to have me there to hold a mission. In fact, the whole town of London, Ontario, had been moved, and that led to an insistent call to Toronto.

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Let me say that I am speaking now of the year 1878. There had been no movement in Canada such as Moody had been associated with in this country; the people were ready for a serious religious movement. They were church-going people, well grounded in the Bible. They were a moral community—very moral, as I look back and think how they compared with others; but there had been no distinct religious awakening at that time. The time was ripe when I went into Canada. I was not responsible for the wave that came; I only happened to come with that movement, as it were.

I went to Toronto, and I had from the start the evidence there of the presence of God moving on the consciences of men as I have never had at any other time in my life; from the start the crowds were perfectly enormous.

It was midwinter, and I had been preaching ten days. As I say, the crowds were immense—crowds outside the church waiting to get in; I do not exaggerate; there would be thousands turned away each night; I have seen four hundred and eighty people stand, with perfect reverence, inside the chancel rails. The people came there to hear. You could hear a pin drop. It was like the things you read of in Finney's life. The people were fired. I did not attempt to have after-meetings in the church. There was a Sunday-school room that would seat perhaps six hundred people at the other side of the church, across a plot of ground; and in order to restrain and prevent mere emotionalism I had my first after-meeting there, not in the church. I said, one evening, after I had preached, "If there are any present who would like to talk with me on matters of personal religion, if they will go to the Sunday-school room, I will be glad to speak with them." I waited a short time, and when I went into the Sunday-school house, I found not less than five hundred people on their knees. I grappled with them as best I could.

I might say in passing that the effects of that work were largely permanent. Men of first-rate position in the city confessed conversion; lived up to their confession for many years—are living so to-day. Multitudes of young men came forward to join the church; and at the end of three weeks I had administered Holy Communion to such crowds as had never been seen before in St. James's; nothing approaching it had ever been seen before in Canada. I prolonged my mission; but at the end of three weeks I was about played out. I had preached nearly every sermon I had; but people came to me and said:

"You must not go; it is absolutely essential for you to stay longer; stay four months, and preach twice on Sunday and once during the week."

It seemed to be God's call, and I had to stay. The Dean went to England. I lived in the deanery, and preached twice on Sunday and once in the week; and the crowds were almost as big and as eager at the end of four months as when I commenced.

You will understand that at the end of the four months I was absolutely preached out. I was spiritually exhausted, not physically exhausted, because I was young and strong, but I had a feeling as though I never could preach a good sermon again. I felt as if I had put the last thing I ever knew into my last sermon; I was preached out.

It was a tremendous wave of religious excitement at that time; I could not get away from it. I preached against dancing; we all did; I told people they should not go to the theater; they did not go; dances were broken up. People who came to dance remained to pray, and all that sort of thing.

There is a completeness about the mission sermons that a missioner preaches that makes them better in a way than sermons preached from Sunday to Sunday; for this reason. In three years a mission preacher addresses himself to certain topics, and approaches those topics from all sides. He listens to confessions of faith, he picks up different illustrations of an idea, and, if he is methodical, as I was, he puts all down. He works, he reworks, he polishes; and there is no excuse for him if, after three or four years of that work, he cannot produce a couple of dozen of such sermons as are about perfect of their sort. The sort may be very poor; but as instruments to produce what a man is after, they ought to be very good. The point that I am coming to is, that their effect on a congregation is marked and

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apparent, but the effect on the mind of the man who preaches them is not so favorable, if he does not supplement the work with other things. The mind gets into a rut. It is working and reworking in a circle, and it may become a vicious circle. This is my judgment; and I am quite certain that the experiences of others verify what I say. I do not want to quote names, but I can think of several good men who have, in my judgment, greatly deteriorated by constant mission preaching.

I parted with the people of Toronto at the end of four months, my heart wrung. Kindness is no word to use for what I received. I cannot describe the effect on myself when I quit preaching, except as a general let-down. I went to England to take a six months' rest and to be married. I was still in a quandary as to my future. I did not feel that I could be a curate in the Church of England, and I was upset and unsettled. Then an appeal which I could not resist came again from Toronto:

"The Dean is getting very old; the doctors say he cannot live long; there are signs of brain trouble. You have built up the whole community; they look to you. Come back and be assistant rector. We give you both our hands, as you know you have our hearts, and our universal pledge that, on his death, you shall be our rector."

That pledge was given with most absolute assurance on their part of good faith. I laid the matter before my wife, asked her if she was ready to go with me for some years to Canada, she said "Yes," and we went.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Great Civic Awakening

By J. Horace McFarland

President American League for Civic Improvement

SOME of the larger centers of population in the United States show spectacular evidences of a desire for better conditions, in certain great upheavals. New York turns out Tammany, St. Louis partially sustains the heroic fight of her District Attorney in hunting down boodlers, Minneapolis brings to trial her unspeakable ex-Mayor, Boston scores a victory for the people in a battle with the trolley companies, Baltimore elects a Mayor who puts its city business in a businesslike shape, Chicago introduces the novelty of honest Councilmen. This pronounced and somewhat spasmodic movement shows the deep unrest of the people, and evidences their growing interest in the things which have to do with their rights and duties. It is, however, largely in respect to these more notable evidences of a discontent with political misgovernment that the forward movement has been described. The turning out of the rascals is but indirectly, though very importantly, connected with another movement for cleaning up, beautifying, and making the city or the hamlet more sightly and more comfortable for its citizens.

This latter movement, which is often but slightly related to political conditions, is of unrealized extent and force, and it pervades the entire country. Little towns, small cities, the great metropolitan centers, all seem actuated, aside from political reformation, with a desire for civic righteousness, for a return to that natural beauty which is the heritage of many American towns.

The feeling is aptly expressed in the constitution of the St. Louis League for Civic Improvement, organized "to unite the efforts of all citizens who want to make St. Louis a good place to come to and a better place to live in." The distinction between the political regenerative work and this absolutely unpolitical movement is well pointed in this case of St. Louis, also; for while this League, organized by an energetic woman vice-president of the American League for Civic Improvement, is proceeding energetically to live up to its constitution, with the aid of some 1,400 members, it has no connection whatever with the superb work of Mr. Folk.

The American League for Civic Improvement, a National organization, is the result of this insistent bubbling and uprising of the desire for better things. Three years ago it was a National League

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of Improvement Associations, and it took form in Springfield, Ohio, by reason of the philanthropic work of a publisher who simply responded to the cry of his correspondents. Changing its name to the broader form, the American League has held two successful National conventions, and for a more central location has removed its offices to Chicago.

This organization has a line of effort not crossing that of any other of the great National societies with which it joins in its uplifting work. The National Municipal League deals with the administrative and political problems of the greater cities; the League of American Municipalities unites the elected and appointed officers of the cities; the American Park and Outdoor Art Association is primarily concerned with decorative and artistic features. There are, as well, excellent organizations that seek to give form and unity to municipal architecture.

It remains, then, for the American League for Civic Improvement to give aid and comfort, form and substance, to the desire of the cities and towns of the country for better living conditions. Just what it does do only those conversant with the vast mass of appealing correspondence that comes to it can tell.

The need varies widely with locality and conditions. From Shreveport, Louisiana, comes a request for an organizer, for "we want to enthuse this town of 22,000, many of whom are negroes." Barre, Massachusetts, already a beautiful hill town, asks for further literature and suggestions. A good woman—indeed, it is notable that seven-eighths of all this work is done or inspired by women—in Geneva, Illinois, says: "I am to give an afternoon talk on civic progress, and am in hopes of starting town improvement."

Here is a cry from Chipley, Florida, where they have had a law prohibiting the running at large of swine, but "a certain gang of local politicians, wishing to get possession of the town offices, promised to give the 'razorbacks' free range if they were elected. This caught the vote of the shiftless and the unprogressive, and the gang got in. Now we must again submit to the pest of the town razorback and the town flea, unless we can do something to stop it. Can you frame a petition that will stir the civic pride of the citizen and convert the Mayor and the Council?" Is not this practical, and almost pathetic?

But others make the same plea. Calvert, Texas, writes that "the hog law is not enforced, and we have no 'stock' law [meaning that horses and cattle may roam at large]; sidewalks are used for dumping ashes, tin cans, etc. . . . We have beautiful trees; . . . we want to take up the work of improvement."

Just the same desire is expressed, though there are no "razorbacks" to be disposed of, in a letter from the University town of Ann Arbor, Michigan: "We are starting upon the work of organization, and want light from outside." Even our Canadian neighbors ask help, for here is a letter from the Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, who asks for literature; and a little later the organization, in Cobourg, Ontario, near Toronto, of a strong society affiliated to the American League, has followed.

The Far West speaks the same need. Here is Seattle, with "fifteen improvement clubs, and I want to excite general interest and enthusiasm." San Francisco sends a request for plans for the federation of local effort, and surely the present farthest West in civic desire is marked in this plaint from Wahiawa, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands: "Would the League in the 'States' encourage a branch here in these far-away islands?"

A State Senator in Illinois wants "to be posted, so I may talk on improvement work to a women's club." A board of park commissioners in Chattanooga, Tennessee, asks for literature on civic improvement, and the same day comes a letter from Racine, Wisconsin, asking help, and saying: "Our first step is circulating a petition to have enacted an ordinance for the removal of garbage."

Again the awakening South, with its infinite possibilities, in a letter from Wilmore, Kentucky: "No walks, no street lamps, no stock law, no anything beautiful. It seems unendurable!" Of course it is, but this active worker will make conditions change! This from Bessemer, Alabama: "Could a young woman with some influence and a wide local acquaintance do anything practical toward the formation of a village improvement society?" And from Batesville, Arkansas, this: "We are

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very anxious to better things. . . . We send a Macedonian cry to you!" From Florence, South Carolina, is this practical note: "We wish to get to work, but feel the need of a little advice." The Mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, asks for suggestions as to the formation of a civic improvement league.

The newest of our inland territories is alive, for Oklahoma City is the date-line on this letter: "Are thinking of forming a city federation for the promotion of public beauty."

Detroit has always been quoted as a show place, but what does this mean? "The club women want to improve the alleys and back areas, and then the entire town. We are helpless and ignorant, and therefore seek knowledge."

In Flushing, New York, some citizens "have decided to undertake some civic improvements in our own vicinity, for, although a part of the city of New York, we do not receive proper help."

Let not New England, the home of the pioneer village improvement society, be neglected. Here is Attleboro asking for speakers to help organize; and Dennis, a village on Cape Cod, whose "residents are desirous of improving the surroundings," asks assistance.

These extracts might be extended almost indefinitely. From Frederick, Maryland, to Portland, Oregon; from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Glastonbury, Connecticut; from New Jersey to Montana, from Kansas to West Virginia, the call is identical in spirit, though varying in details. It is a call for help at the very beginning of the desire for improvement, and, if rightly guided, it means, obviously, a united uplift, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. To the citizens with "razorbacks" running at large, the higher problems of government are a little hazy as yet! That self-respect which comes to a community when it has roused to a sense of its civic sins, and has Methodistically shown by repentance a desire for regeneration, is of great present power and pregnant with vast potentialities. In Harrisburg the vote for improvement changed more things than simply the direction of the city's expenditures. I may be wrong, but I will venture the statement that the cure for many of our ills of misgovernment lies right in the movement evidenced in the quotations above. With practical interest aroused in his own door-yard, his own street, his own town, the citizen will almost surely think aright on larger questions.

I am setting forth the reason for and the work of the American League for Civic Improvement. Much of this work is in embryo. All the correspondence quoted above is of the past few months. Yet there have been concrete accomplishments out of all proportion to the stinted support we have had—stinted only, I am glad to believe, because the needs and the importance of this basal movement for concrete civic righteousness have not yet been fully made known to the great American heart, always beating close to the equally great American pocketbook which generously sustains all good movements.

But let me mention just a few actual achievements of the League. From Emlenton, Pennsylvania, there came such an application as I have quoted. The reply and the stimulus caused an organization, and this work followed: "We have already raised over a hundred dollars, have cleaned the town hall, cut the grass in the yard, sowed clover-seed, planted two beds of flowers, secured space in our two newspapers for anything we wish to publish, have one churchyard in good order and are slowly approaching the others, have seen the schcol directors about the school grounds, have written to see about securing wire baskets for holding waste-paper on Main Street."

Thomasville, Georgia, was one of the first towns to feel the impulse, and the result has been a cleaning up which has made it a most popular place of winter resort for Northern people.

In Chicago there is a great movement, as all know, but it has been somewhat ineffective by reason of diffusion. The good offices of the American League have resulted in a practical federation of Cook County Improvement Societies, including 342 organizations, each now working harmoniously and not at cross purposes.

Portland, Oregon, is to have in 1905 an exposition celebrating the Lewis and Clark expedition to the great Northwest. The impulse given by the American League has resulted in an active local improvement league.

The St. Louis League, to which I have

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alluded briefly, has already, among other achievements, organized the women of the slums, and is regenerating them by stimulating their civic pride. A woman inspector is maintained, and a monthly bulletin is issued. A three-day civic celebration, with—think of it!—improvement services in all the churches, has just been held. The three open-air playgrounds for poor children, provided last summer, are to be increased to five in the summer of 1903.

Mr. Albert Kelsey's admirable plan of a model city for the 1904 St. Louis Exposition has been fostered and supported by the American League, and in connection with it a central bureau of civic information is planned for maintenance during the Exposition. No more educative or important work than this can be undertaken, and if proper support appears, hundreds of thousands of citizens will be reached and stirred up.

A lively and active affiliated league has been brought into existence in Dallas, Texas, and is maintaining work for making that city a better place to live in. An organization has been fostered in Richmond, Virginia, and another is being revivified in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

In Ohio the State Federation of Women's Clubs has been visited and awakened along lines of civic effort, and in Pennsylvania an equivalent visit will be made while these words are being read. Scores of organizations in various parts of the country have been induced to take up the work of civic improvement incidentally.

The great Chautauqua Assembly has looked upon the American League as an exponent of civic progress, and, under its suggestion, has committed the entire regeneration of its grounds to Mr. Albert Kelsey. The summer of 1903, beginning July 13, will witness a great civic progress week at Chautauqua, on the occasion of the League's annual meeting, from which will radiate lines of interest and awakening throughout the whole country.

But, after all, I think the achievement of which this National organization can be most justly proud is its work in reaching into and arousing the little towns and villages, whence come appeals such as those I have cited. To get right down to the needs of the "plain people," to help keep the cattle off the street, to tear away the fences, to induce the planting of trees and shrubbery, to make for good and clean highways, to clear up dark corners, to organize effort even in the very slums of a great city, to cause the button of civic pride to be proudly worn—all this is that patient work with the smaller things that makes true greatness of result. It takes a snowball to start an avalanche, and we have a thousand such snowballs gathering force in a thousand communities! With a little help we can have these associated avalanches roll in whitening purity over ten thousand dirt spots in America.

It is cheering to note at this time the projection of a plan for an efficient federation of all civic effort. A clearing-house organization, to be known as the Civic Alliance, will shortly assume concrete form by the voluntary affiliation of various societies. A central bureau of information will be maintained, with a capable secretary in charge. The constituent societies will continue effort, each in its own field, and each referring matters out of its specialty to the Alliance clearing-house.

In some way, in some place—ofttimes in several ways and places—it is the duty of every man and woman who believes that God has set America in the forefront of human progress, and who wants to make this great, growing, powerful country the very best place in the world for the best people, to join hands with those who are trying to hasten the day. Combination, federation, unity of effort, mean power and efficiency, in philanthropy as well as in business.

The American League for Civic Improvement is a proved agency for good, whose measure of further accomplishment rests with those whose hearts and minds are turned toward the greater America. The need for funds is great, and every dollar does much in extending the work and in making that work more helpful and complete. The Corresponding Secretary, Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, can be addressed at the office of the League, 5711 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago. Checks may be drawn to the order of the Treasurer, Mr. Morton D. Hull, 1303 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago, and will be promptly acknowledged.

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Child Labor in Shops and Homes

By Lillian W. Betts

THE conditions under which clothing is manufactured in the city of New York, the center and general distributing depot of ready-made clothing for the whole country, demand the attention of the people of the whole Nation, because of the vital connection between these conditions and every home into which ready-made garments enter.

The labor of children and the laws regulating their employment in these industries are of as much importance to the State politically as are the sanitary conditions to the home into which the product enters. The labor of children in the home is not controlled by the labor laws. The school laws of the city compel the attendance of the children at school between the ages of eight and fourteen. Nothing short of daily inspection of the tenement homes could control wholly this class of child labor. As for the work certificate required for factories and mercantile establishments, the word of the parents is the final standard as to the age of the child employed. The heads of the "families" might claim as their own all the children found working for them. Unless the lie were self-evident, who could dispute them?—the license is for the family.

Under the laws of 1901 of the State of New York, a Department of Labor was created, of which the Factory Inspection Department is one division. For fifteen years previous this was an independent department. The method of investigating and licensing shops and homes for the carrying on of the clothing industry will be best shown by a description of an investigation made by the department.

On one of the East Side streets, in the region known as the sweat-shop district, is a brick building fifty feet front, one hundred feet deep, and six stories high. The first two stories are used as a livery stable. The remaining stories are shops for the manufacture of men's clothing. Each floor is divided by light pine partitions, making rooms or shops of varying dimensions. On the floor of an empty shop were piles of ashes, rags, paper, excelsior, and an old mattress. One front window in each front shop opened on the fire-escape. This window was nailed fast. Not one window in any shop had a window cord; the nails were necessary to keep the upper sash in place and to hold the lower sash tight. The iron shutters at back windows, required by law because the rear end of the building was less than fifteen feet distant from the building on the other street, closed against the ladders of the fire-escape and completely shut off the opening to the ladder leading below. The bar across the windows, to which the iron shutters fastened when closed, crossed the window slightly above the middle of the lower sash. Not one drop of water was in this building, nor had there been for a week; all the pipes were frozen solid; the waste-pipes had burst. Over four hundred men are employed in these shops, all but one of which was occupied. The sanitary conditions were shocking. Two of the shops were broom clean. The others, with the hall and stairs, were disgustingly dirty. Evidences of diseased lungs were everywhere. Hundreds of garments are made in these shops and distributed for finishing to the tenement dwellers in the region.

The men employed appeared to be without any interest in life; they scarcely raised their eyes from their machines, except those who sat next to the window, who complained of the cold because the window would not close tightly. The bosses directly, or through interpreters, complained of the neglect of the building, the dirt, the impossibility of securing repairs. The janitor, who spoke but a few words of English, was ordered to remove the dirt from the empty shop. He did this by raising a window in the hall and throwing the dirt on the roof of the adjoining building. He cooked for a number of the men who worked in the building, living in a barn-like room in the front of one floor with his family. The lessee of the building was proceeded against by the Factory Inspection Department through a deputy. Every tenant appeared in defense of the lessee the first time the case was called in court. It was

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a race war at once. The second time the defendant was alone in court with his counsel. After a hearing he was committed to the Court of Special Sessions under bail. Two days' loss of work went beyond the allegiance of race affiliation.

Two small boys and one girl, each protected by the affidavit of parents before a notary public, were at work in these shops. They were not sixteen, but the only test the laws of the State demand had been met. In one shop three street musicians were playing Hungarian music, on violins out of tune. The men worked on. The musicians were as hopeless-looking as the men at the machines. When, as happened now and then, the adjustment of work caused all the machines to stop at once, the faces of the workers would brighten as some remembered melody flooded the dreary, dirty workroom.

This class of buildings was found over and over again, differing only in the degree of darkness and dirt.

Nearer the river a rear shop was found, the lower floor of which was a rag-sorting shop. The yard was the depository for manure, push-carts, the general refuse of the neighborhood, while the front shop was over a stable. Both were dirty, crowded with workmen, and goods piled everywhere.

It must be remembered that the machine work only is done in the shops. The finishing is done in the tenements. It is unnecessary to say that the workers, with rare exceptions, were not clean. The shops at the lunch hour were most dreary. Bread without butter, with black coffee or cheap wine, constituted the midday meal. Wives left their machines to eat with husbands, sons or daughters to eat with father or mother. They ate in silence; met without greeting. Rarely was English spoken. It was amazing, the number of manufacturers and heads of shops who did not speak English, to be found throughout the whole city.

The condition of the shops varies as greatly as do the homes of the people.

Four or five years ago there was an exodus of people from the East Side to an outlying section of Brooklyn. Scores of cheap houses were built; sometimes whole blocks in a region where there were no sewers, no streets paved, merely streets marked out. The then Commissioner of Health in Brooklyn made an investigation and reported on the conditions with a view to rousing the people of Brooklyn and getting the streets sewered and paved. The report was sickening. The necessary appropriations were secured, water-pipes and sewers laid, streets and walks asphalted and paved. The whole region was made habitable. This improvement has gone on steadily until the broad, sunny streets are now being lined with good tenements, few over three stories high.

Here is developed a community composed of two races, each withdrawn to its own section. At least eighty per cent. of this community are engaged in the industries connected with the making of ready-made clothing. Many of the shops are lighted by windows on four sides and have large skylights. Few of the shops are over two stories in height. Now the building of four or five stories is found in which motive-power for the machines is provided. Many of the small shops use electricity for motive-power, and heat the irons for pressing with electricity, as well as light the shops. The result is pure air and cleanliness. This represents the aristocracy of the clothing industry.

Gas engines for running the machines were found in many shops. Only in the poorest and least cleanly of the shops was foot-power used. The men shrug their shoulders and say, "Foot-power doesn't pay." One small shop in which men's suspenders were made had a beautiful little gas engine in the corner. The shop was crowded and dirty; four children at work on vacation certificates were found here.

The whole region, in the character of the houses and shops, has responded to the improvements made by the city. Shops and homes are well lighted. Of course dirty shops, dirty workers, dirty homes, were found, but they were in the minority.

As has been stated, the hand work is done in the home. Very few hand-sewers were found in the shops. That would mean more rent for the employer. He would have to hire more space for them.

The laws governing the distribution of these unfinished garments to the tenement workers were intended to protect worker and consumer. That the laws fail to do either is not surprising, because of the

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complications and the division of authority. When a man or woman wishes to take work home from a shop or factory, application must be made to the factory inspection department of the Department of Labor, a State department with headquarters in Albany, with a sub-office in the city of New York. This application must give the name and address of the applicant, the number of persons who will work under the license, the number in family, and the nationality of the applicant.

The application is made out in due form and placed in the hands of a deputy inspector, who visits the premises and reports, after investigation, to the chief inspector. If this report is conclusive and satisfactory, the applicant receives the license, which the law says must be framed and hung in the room in which the work is done. With this license a card is given, which is shown to the employer as a guarantee that the holder has complied with the law. The holders receive instructions from the Department not to surrender this card to the employer. But many do. The result is a form of slavery. The employer keeps the card, and the worker cannot secure work elsewhere without it. Most of the workers are women, ignorant of the language, the law, or their own rights. The employers rarely put their names or addresses in the account-book of the workers, who say nine times out of ten that they do not know the boss's name or address. They can go to the shop, but cannot tell the street. It took a half-day to trace one shop where the employer was violating the law, and then he was found by accident, in a shop so dirty that his license was revoked.

Every time the holder of a license moves, the Department should be notified. This means another inspection and a week's time for issuing the new license. Of course the workers try to avoid this. In one house five licenses issued for other houses were found.

The first rooms visited with the inspector were in one of the worst types of tenements on the East Side. The only outside light or air came from the two windows in the room fronting on the street. This held three sewing-machines and a long table used for cutting the men's drawers manufactured in this room. The table was high enough to permit the sewing-machines to be pushed under it at night, when a folding bed and mattress are placed on the floor. This provided part of the sleeping accommodations of the family. The kitchen back of this room was lighted by a window in the partition wall between the two rooms. Back of this was an absolutely dark bedroom, in which were a bed and two mattresses. These rooms were the home and workshop of a man, his wife, and six children. The three workers running the machines the man claimed as his children; the youngest, he said, was sixteen. They all worked, according to the man's account, as many hours as they wished. Material for the garments, cut and uncut, was piled to the ceiling. No one in the family spoke English but the father, who said the family had been here twelve years. The man had a license; the Department could recommend another workroom, and did. The man conceded that his family needed all the space now occupied by day as a workroom for living purposes. The family looked well nourished; a dinner was cooking at the time of the visit. The rooms were dirty. How could they be otherwise?—there was not room to sweep. This license was suspended until some changes were made as to the workroom and the halls.

The next application was from a house in the Italian center. The day was bright and clear. The rooms for which the license was wanted were on the third floor in the back. The light in the room where the work, finishing trousers, was to be done was that of bright twilight, the rear building, two stories higher than the front, excluding the light, making the so-called yard between the two a damp, dirty court, far more objectionable than one within the limits of a building. In this rear building were the closets for forty families, with refuse, débris, and ashes.

The halls and stairs were vilely dirty, and so dark that one found the turns only by keeping one's hand on the broken banister. Water was in each hall. For the two rooms, the bedroom absolutely dark, the applicant, a woman with four children, paid $8.50 per month. Her own rooms were as clean as a broom and cloth could make them. The walls had not been kalsomined in years. The license was

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refused until such time as the house was thoroughly cleaned, but the tenants denied a license to work because of the unsanitary condition of the house must pay rent or move.

The next application came from a near-by house. This house was an old residence into which as many people as could crowd in lived. The tenant occupied a room and bedroom in the rear on the first floor above the street. The inspector knocked several times, receiving no answer. One of the tenants, a man, seemed interested in the inspector's efforts and waited on the next landing of the stairs to see what would happen. At last there was a cautious movement behind the closed door, which was followed by the sliding of the bolt. The door opened, revealing a young Italian woman. The woman understood the errand, opened the door, and graciously invited the waiting visitors in. A pine box having a cover with leather hinges was against the wall. On this was a tiny baby four weeks old. The room was clean, but very, very bare. The sunshine poured into the room, there being no rear building on the lots facing on either street. The yards were filled with rubbish and débris. It became necessary to have an interpreter, who appeared in the person of the interested spectator from the stair landing.

In reply to questions the woman answered without the slightest hesitancy or attempts at concealment.

Two people, herself and her husband, and the baby lived there; no one else. "No room," with a sweet smile and a bewitching shrug of the shoulders. No, she never worked before; she could not get work; she had no license. No boss would give her work. Rolled tightly and pushed back against the wall under the bed was discovered an extremely dirty mattress, from the ends of which protruded still more dirty bedding. A slight flush came as the woman answered, "Who sleeps on that?" "Her brother, nineteen years old, sleeps on that." The inspector went into the bedroom and took from behind the bed, covered by the bedding, two dozen pairs of unfinished trousers. For one minute the revelation appeared brutal. The woman grew old and ashen. Snatching the shawl that covered the baby, she darted through the door without speaking. One rejoiced that the river was so far away. Before the trousers had been tagged, she returned with an older woman who said she was the sister. The trousers were hers. She had come to wash for her sister, and was going to sew on them in the afternoon. She had just gone out a minute. "Yes, she had a license;" she hurried out and returned with it. "Where is the card?" All the assurance and confidence died out of her face. There was an exciting consultation in Italian. The mother of the baby snatched it up, raised the cover, and produced the card. The inspector put the license and card in his pocket. At once consternation settled on every face. By this time the room was crowded with other tenants. The older woman, who claimed the license and card, almost dropped on her knees as she begged for their return. The license and card were another lady's, she pleaded. The secret was out. The license belonged to a third woman, not present, who performed the office of neighbor and friend by lending her card to her needy neighbors to secure work. When all love, all sympathy, all friendship, have been driven out of the hearts of men and women will this particular violation of the law cease, and not till then. A frightened, weeping group were left in the barren, sunlit room. No work, an angry boss, probably bosses, to be faced, who would find a means of punishing the workers for being found out, if they were parties to the violation of law.

The law says the employer must keep in English a register of the names and addresses of all persons to whom he gives work outside his shop. If these three women took work from the same shop, then the employer was a party to the violation. As the license was granted for a room in which only one person could be employed, the employer would be a party to the violation if he gave work enough for three women to one. If the shop card was used in three shops, then the employer was deceived. This work could not be removed from the room, nor the bundle untied, until the Department of Labor was satisfied as to the facts, and reached a decision in regard to each violation. One fact the workers faced: No work, or possibility of work, until these goods were released; even then there was the possi-

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bility of their being blacklisted by the better class of bosses, who try to live up to the complicated law.

Sadly, with sympathies wholly, for the time, with the criminals, the next would-be worker was sought.

This application was for a transfer. The house was one of the best of the tenements. Halls of stone set in cement; iron and stone staircases, well lighted; sanitary arrangements up to the latest requirements. The mother applied for the license which would allow two people—members of her family—to work with her. The family consisted of the applicant, her husband, six children, her married sister, her husband and two children, one a baby but three weeks old. The rent for the three rooms occupied by this family, all with large windows opening directly into the outer air, was $18 per month. A pretty, bright little girl, who said she would be fourteen this month, was the only member of the family who used English. She had come to this country when she was two years old; she had never attended school, nor had her older brothers, who worked. She could not remember when she had not worked on trousers. Her mother would not let her work in a shop. The mother of the three-weeks-old baby sat with it on her lap, asleep, sewing on trousers. On the bare table beside her was a loaf of stale rye bread from which a piece had been broken, and a rusty tin cup half filled with what the writer thought was beef tea; the little girl said it was wine. Several bottles of the kind used for the Italian vintage were on the mantel. The rooms were comfortably warm, though there was no fire. The young mother, her husband, and two children occupied the bedroom. The remaining members of this family, numbering eight, lived in the other two rooms, so filled with beds and mattresses that only an aisle the width of a sewing-machine was clear. In this space four little children were playing with spools. The family appeared loving and wholly satisfied with their condition and environment. The rooms, children, and women were dirty, yet one felt sure that it was not poverty that forced these people to live as they were living. Of course no license would be granted for these rooms, and the work there was tagged for violations. The work was given on the license for another house.

Through a long, dark hallway, into a stone-flagged yard used for sorting rags, we searched for the next worker. In the yard, cold and damp, worked four women and three men, wretched, ragged themselves, and blue with the cold. At the hydrant in the yard a little girl of about twelve was rinsing clothes. Her teeth chattered; her bony, thin arms were blue. In the rear building and up one flight lived the woman who asked for a license. A boy of ten was taking care of three children younger then himself. The rooms, the children, and the house were dangerously dirty. The water-pipes had burst in the sink on the landing, and saturated the ceiling and everything in the dark bedroom. The boy said his mother was working in a shop; she wanted to work at home and let him go to school and sell papers after school. But she could not unless she could get a license. He looked hopefully into the faces of his visitors. He was at last to be free to go to school and to work after school. The thin baby in his arms called "Mamma;" the younger children showed fear of the strangers. If they lived in the depths of the woods they could not have feared a strange face more than in this crowded tenement.

A glimpse from the window showed one of the rag-sorters lifting the tub, in which were the clothes, to the head of the little girl at the hydrant. She staggered off to the dark hallway, appearing later at the fourth-floor back window, from which she leaned as she hung the clothes on the pulley-line.

The little father, with the baby's face pressed close to his cheek, answered the questions. No; the man would not clean; his mother had asked. Seven dollars and a half was the rent. He followed the inspector into the hall, asking anxiously, "Can my mother work home? She's clean." Who would have the courage to answer "No!" There was silence.

This scene, with but slight change, was witnessed many times. The next house visited was in such a condition of dirt and degradation that the marvel was that one could work who lived in it. It was a front house, with entrance through an alley. The stairs opened directly with a

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curve into this alley. One's hand held before one's face on these stairs could not be seen. The halls were as dark. In each hallway was a sink and water. Eight families lived in this house with sanitary conveniences of the most primitive order for one. The halls to the top were stifling with the odors. The rents for three rooms averaged $10 per month. Every inch of space in the rooms was occupied. Every family took lodgers to reduce the rent.

The air in the street, crowded with push-carts peddling provisions, had seemed unbearable, but one now greeted it with thankfulness as he almost staggered into it from the poison-reeking house.

The next visit revealed two boys of eight, with caps and coats on, sitting on the floor sewing buttons on trousers. A little girl with a needle and long thread ran from the room when the visitors appeared. The father and mother, both finishing trousers, claimed that the boys had just come from school. It was ten minutes after twelve. The children corroborated the statement.

The place was vilely dirty—dirt that had been accumulating for weeks. Even a glass sugar-bowl standing on a table had dirt thick in the interstices of the pattern. The beds made the street seem preferable as a resting-place. Fifteen persons lived in three rooms, for which $13 a month was paid. A lambskin-lined overcoat with fur collar hung in the room.

Another section of the city, where there is more space, where the light in the rooms is good, the dirt not so old, the crowding not so dense, was the territory for two days.

Here a group of four children under twelve were sewing with their mother and grandfather. They had just returned from school; a lunch of bread and coffee was on the table. They were happy, and did not seem to find work a hardship. These workers, two adults, with the children's work before and after school, finished fifteen pairs of trousers per day, for which they received four and one-half cents per pair, or sixty-eight cents per day. The father earned $1.50 per day and often worked double time. It was not extreme poverty that compelled the mother and children to work. Rent for four rooms was $9 per month.

Not far away, a widow with her only child, a boy of six years, sat working in a very bare, sunny, clean room. The boy was too young for the near-by overcrowded school, and so he worked happily beside his very pretty mother with the eyes of a Madonna. Both looked well nourished. Downstairs a heartbroken, deserted wife, left with four young children, sat sewing on trousers. The baby had learned to keep still. A brother roomed with the woman, bringing her rent down to five dollars per month. What a fight for a home this mother and children represented! Yes; they worked all day, sometimes evenings, receiving four cents per pair for finishing trousers. The woman could finish one pair an hour.

Very little home work except finishing clothing for men and boys was found in the tenements. As one looked at the men's clothing lying on dirty beds, strewn over dirty floors, lying on the laps of women whose dirty dresses or aprons suggested disease, and pictured the apparently fastidious men on whom these garments would be seen during the coming spring and summer, one wondered why the struggle to secure protection for the consumers should be left to women; why it was so impossible to rouse men to the horrors of sweat-shop garments. What protection does the State give?

The appropriation to the Department of Labor admits of employing thirty-five deputy inspectors in the whole State for all lines of industry. The city of New York is the largest center for the clothing industry in the country. From Elizabeth Street alone, in the month of December, there were more applications for licenses to work in the tenements than from the entire State of Massachusetts in the same period. When the deputy inspector visits a tenement, he must examine the sanitary conditions of the whole house, as well as the cleanliness of the room and adjoining rooms for which the license is asked. If his applicant is out, a second visit must be made.

The rooms may be as clean as possible, and the applicant, but if the general condition of the house is unsanitary the license is withheld until such time as the house, over which the Department of

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Labor has no control, is brought to the required standard of sanitation and cleanliness. That is, people are paying rent in houses so unsanitary as to prevent the issuing of a license for work in any room in the house.

The cruel injustice of this is apparent. The Department of Tenements of the city of New York should decide whether the Department of Labor may issue a home license for any house within the city limits, either by the Department of Tenements licensing the house as sanitary and sending notice to the Department of Labor to that effect, or condemning the house as not up to the required standard. Either would drive the lesson home to landlords. The people would soon learn to avoid the house in which they could not work.

To control the tenement-house labor output is impossible under the present law. The ideal condition of not permitting work in the tenements is an ideal for the consumer. It would mean the breaking up of many homes of workers.

The conditions cannot be regulated until the city department holding the right of control over the tenements decides the class of houses for which the home license may be granted.

There is a small percentage of child labor in the tenements that deprives the children of education; there is a very large percentage of child labor in the tenements that deprives the children of recreation; but in the last analysis this labor is solely at the disposal of the parents.

No law but that of development of the individual parents will control this. But the sanitary conditions under which these children live and work can and should be controlled for their sakes, for the sake of those who buy the labor of their hands.

The Wager of Battle

By Hayne Davis

IN our day, if two individuals have a dispute over the ownership of land, they go to the courts of that nation in which the land is situated and produce the evidence on which each claims to be the owner of the land, and the court adjudges that the land belongs to him who proves the better title to it. It is hard to realize that, for the trial of such controversies in England, there was at one time no way provided by the laws except battle between the adverse claimants or their champions. Yet such was the fact prior to the time of Henry II. In his time (middle of the twelfth century) the Government authorized the trial of such controversies by jury, if the parties were so disposed, at the same time leaving the disputants free to prove their contentions in the old way of battle.

Under the laws of England, certain crimes are punishable by death; others, in former centuries, were punishable by mutilating the body of the convict, on the idea of "an eye for an eye." In all crimes punishable by death or by mutilation of the body, two accusations for the same offense were allowed, one by the State, the other by the next of kin to the person injured. The accusation by the State was called indictment, such as we now make use of, and was triable by jury. The accusation by the next of kin was called "appeal" of murder, or arson, etc., and the trial in such accusations was by evidence to court and jury, or by battle between the accuser and the accused, as the latter preferred.

Such being the law of England, the right to wage battle was demanded under the following circumstances:

At seven o'clock in the morning on May 27, 1817, the dead body of a girl named Mary Ashford was found in a pond near Birmingham. She had left a dance at midnight of May 26, in company with Abraham Thornton. They were seen together going homeward at three A.M. At the dance Thornton was heard (not by Mary Ashford, but by another) to say something which pointed to him as the murderer. When arrested, blood was found upon Thornton, so as to point to him as the criminal even without the other circumstances. Thornton was indicted on a charge of murder and rape, and was

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acquitted by a jury on both charges. Thereupon William Ashford, the brother of the dead girl, brought an appeal of murder against him. It was in such accusations of crime that the right of battle existed, and on March 16, 1818, Thornton pleaded to the appeal, "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body," and thereupon, taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor of the court. The prosecution was surprised. They expected another trial by jury. A discussion followed, in which counsel for Ashford undertook to show that the right of trial by battle was not allowable in the case; but the court decided unanimously that it was.

Lord Ellenboro, the Lord Chief Justice of England, said, in delivering the opinion: "The general law of the land is in favor of wager of battle, and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice may exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it." Ashford's counsel took time to consider, and a few days later notified the court that Ashford would not accept the wager. Thereupon, on Monday, April 20, 1818, the case was dismissed and Thornton released. He came to America and was lost sight of. William Ashford, one of the parties to this suit, lived until 1867.

This trial and this ending of it created a great stir in England. The people were amazed to find that they still had a right to try some questions by battle, and at the next session of Parliament an act was passed abolishing trial by battle. If it seems a dishonor to our ancestors that they authorized this mode of trial by their laws and clung to it for more than seven hundred years after the better mode was established, it may help us to judge the matter justly by remembering that the nation to which we belong even now clings to the right to try every dispute which may arise between us and another nation by this method, which has been rejected as unfit to be used in any case between individuals. When, in 1819, the English people were destroying the last remnant of trial by battle in matters local to England and her people, they expressed the sense of the people of England in these words: "Trial by battle in any suit is a mode of trial unfit to be used, and it is expedient that the same be wholly abolished." When the people of the nations were establishing a court instead of war for the trial of questions between nations, they said, in Title 3, Article 9, of the Hague Treaty: "In differences of an international nature involving neither honor nor vital interests, and arising from difference of opinion on a question of fact, the signatory powers recommend that the parties who have not been able to come to an agreement by means of diplomacy should, as far as circumstances allow, institute an International Commission of Inquiry to facilitate a solution of these differences by elucidating the fact by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation."

By Title 4, Article 16, the nations said: "In questions of a legal nature, and especially in the interpretation or application of International Conventions, arbitration is recognized by the signatory powers as the most effective and at the same time the most equitable means of settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to settle."

Both these statements in the Hague Treaty mean simply that the Court for trying questions of law and the Commission of Inquiry for trying questions of fact are recommended by the nations to one another as a better mode of trial and proof than war. But the nations refused to bind themselves to make use of these better modes of proof in any case, reserving the right to use the ancient mode of trial in every question.

Nevertheless, this is not a cause for discouragement to lovers of arbitration. For citizens of England clung for seven centuries to the right to try by battle after trial by court and jury was authorized, and yet they did, in fact, resort more and more to the courts, until a day came when they were amazed to find that they were still free to prove their contentions by personal encounter. This is one of the facts in all history most significant to the people of the twentieth century. For the nations, though unwilling to bind themselves to give up trial by battle, have instituted the Court which holds out to them the alternative mode of trial by court or jury in all cases; and the Hague Court will some day take the place of the battlefield between nations, as the courts

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of England took the place of the battle-fields in which citizens of England undertook to prove their contentions. The forces in man which have caused the one will cause the other. One of the instruments through which they will operate internationally has been instituted, and their work has already begun to manifest itself. The ultimate outcome is not doubtful. Wager of battle between nations will go the way that wager of battle between individuals went. The question is, How much war and devastation will occur in the meantime?

The next step forward will be agreements to arbitrate certain kinds of controversies. Why should not the United States propose to the other nations to enter into an agreement with any or all of them to submit every question to arbitration? If this seems more than the people could stand up to when roused by the causes of controversy, why not agree to submit every question to arbitration in the first instance, reserving for the people the right to appeal to war from the decision of the Court in questions as regards which the people cannot abide a decision by the Court?

Recent Books of Verse[1]

AMONG the younger poets in this country none has revealed a more genuine poetic imagination or a truer lyrical quality than Mr. Bliss Carman. His work is somewhat uneven—rather, one feels, from a touch of willfulness than from carelessness; but it is never commonplace. To him come those happy accidents which befall those only whose imaginations have original and not purely imitative force. When he goes afield or into the depths of the woods, things happen which have not happened before. In a word, Mr. Carman has an individual and personal relation to nature and to life, sees things from the standpoint of the poetic temperament, and has his own way of reporting what he sees. He has small regard either for the conventions of his art or of popular belief, and he is not averse to shocking the average commonplace view of things. His humor is original and audacious, and he gives it free play. The delightful bit of fun which he calls "The Sceptics" is an excellent example of his detached, semi-humorous way of looking at matters that are generally conventionally treated. Mr. Carman has a fresh, natural, wholly sane enjoyment of nature, which has given rise to the suspicion that there is a pagan element in him. If by paganism is meant delight in nature as abounding life, movement, variety, and beauty, every real poet is a pagan. Fortunately, definition is not confided solely to the purely conventional.

In the "Pipes of Pan" Mr. Carman's surrender to nature, his power of interpretation, and the fresh and free movement of his imagination are shown at their best. It would not be easy to find in recent poetry a more beautiful or penetrating vision of the significance of one of the most striking fables of the older imagination, or a more suggestive treatment of one of the subtlest phases of the life of nature, than "A Young Pan's Prayer," with its fresh note, its deep, broad movement of imagination, its large and free fancy:

O pipes of Pan,
Whose music ran
Through the world ere our very age began,
When I set my lip
To your woodland lip
I pray some draft of your virtue slip

From each mellow throat
As note by note,
A learner, I try for the secret rote,—
The rhythm and theme
That shall blend man's dream
Of perfection with nature's imperfect scheme!
. . . . . .
Then give me the slow
Large will to grow,
As your fellows down by the brookside grow.
Ah, blow, and breed
In my manhood's need
The long sweet patience of flower and seed!

When Mr. Thayer published a modest collection of songs a number of years ago,

[1] *Pipes of Pan. No. I. From the Book of Myths.* By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
Songs from Edgewood. By Stephen Henry Thayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Later Lyrics. By John B. Tabb. John Lane, New York.
A Voice on the Wind and Other Poems. By Madison Cawein. J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville.
Message and Melody. By Richard Burton. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

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under the title "Songs from Sleepy Hollow," The Outlook commented on the love of flower and wood, the vein of quiet sentiment, the refinement of feeling, which gave interest and promise to the volume. In "Songs from Edgewood," recently issued, these qualities are disclosed with a truer hand and in a more exact and careful workmanship. Mr. Thayer has made a distinct advance on his earlier work. He has gained in knowledge of art, in knowledge of self, and in skill in versification. His interest in wholly in lyrical poetry, and the best of his verse is emotional, charged with sentiment, touched at times with deep feeling. His attitude towards nature reflects his own moods, and is more intimate if less joyful than before. The personal note is dominant throughout, and it is evident that the writer's view of both nature and art is colored by his own experience. This is the characteristic of the writer of songs; it is at once his limitation and the secret of his charm. Mr. Thayer is at his best when he surrenders himself to a simple emotion, to the interpretation of a single experience. This song is an example of his best manner:

I watched her read a song of mine;
She paused, then scanned it line by line;
A smile suffused her face, I guessed
Of irony than interest;
Than this—she gave no other sign.

Whatever thought she might enshrine
I lacked the vision to divine;
And yet with still lips closely pressed
I watched her read.

There seemed unconsciously to shine,
Through softer eyes, a spell benign;
And secretly, as some strange guest
Intruding on her silent quest,
A tear fell; with what joy divine
I watched her read!

The critical reader of this collection will find in it much unevenness of workmanship and of thought; but he will recognize, as compared with the earlier work from the same hand, marked gain in breadth of experience and felicity of expression. There are lines of true poetic feeling throughout the volume.

The little volumes which come from time to time from the hands of Father Tabb are always welcome to the lovers of poetry as distinguished from the lovers of verse; for Father Tabb's lyrical gift is beyond question. His work shows unevenness both of expression and of execution, but it is rarely commonplace. The rivulet of song may be slight, but it is a rivulet of poetry, and not simply a quiet little trickle of verse. Father Tabb has two great interests, which may be broadly described as a passion for God and a passion for nature. Many of the little poems which bear his name are unaffected and beautiful lyrical prayers. They often rise like a breath of incense; they are aids to the devotional life; for he is one of the few religious poets of our time. His transcriptions of nature are noticeable for delicacy of perception and refinement of imagery. All his work shows a singular purity, and his lyrics, always very condensed and at times almost teasingly abbreviated, are, for the most part, perfect in form, suggesting or outlining with definiteness and with the most delicate art a feeling, a thought, or a perception, without the waste of a word or the use of a superfluous line. The element of mysticism which belongs to a poet of Father Tabb's temperament often finds expression in his verse, and is illustrated in two selections made from "Later Lyrics:"

DAYBREAK

Thou hast not looked on Yesterday,
Nor shall To-morrow see;
Upon thy solitary way
Is none to pilot thee—
Thou comest to thine own
A stranger and alone.

And yet, alas! thy countenance
To us familiar seems;
The wonder of thy wakening glance,
The vanishing of dreams,
Is like an old refrain
From silence come again.

IN THE NEST OF THE LARK

Here the silentest of things
Lowliest lies;
Where with palpitating wings,
Swift to rise,
Wakes the soul that sweetest sings,
And the loftiest anthem brings
From the skies.

Mr. Cawein has had the good fortune to find in Mr. Gosse a sympathetic editor, and a small but carefully chosen collection of his verse has been presented to the English public during the past winter, and republished in this country in an attractive form and with a very appreciative comment by the editor. This collec-

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tion serves as an admirable introduction to Mr. Cawein's work to those who are not familiar with it. Americans who care for poetry, however, have been long familiar with the Kentucky poet's sensitive imagination and fervid style. Mr. Howells said, not many months ago, of his verse, that it "interprets the very soul of what we call the inarticulate things, though they seem to have enunciated themselves so distinctly to this poet." Mr. Cawein rejoices in the affluence and richness of nature as he sees her in his own section, and has given us most sympathetic transcriptions of scenery and aspects of tree and flower and sky. In his latest volume, "A Voice on the Wind," he is sometimes lacking in restraint, and his touch is at times somewhat too emphatic; but he is often singularly felicitous in enveloping his subject with atmosphere and suffusing it with poetic feeling. Witness these verses from "In the Lane:"

When fields smell moist with the dewy hay,
And woods are cool and wan,
And a path for dreams is the Milky-way,
And the summer is nearly gone—
It's—Oh, for the rock and the woodland lane
And the silence and stars and her lips again.

When the weight of the apples breaks down the bough,
And muskmelons split with sweet,
And the moon is abloom in the Heaven's house,
And summer has spent its heat—
It's—Oh, for the lane, the trysting lane,
And the deep-mooned night and her love again.

Mr. Burton has now published his fourth volume of verse, and the characteristics of his work have defined themselves with increasing distinctness. The little book, "Dumb in June," with which Mr. Burton made his first appeal to the public, was somewhat irregular in workmanship; but it disclosed a touch at once tender and rugged. It had a tang like that of a fruit not quite ripe, but pungent and with a certain tonic element. As he has worked Mr. Burton has grown, finding increasing freedom in expression, and touching his various themes with more ease. He is essentially a lyric poet. He does not elaborate; he rarely attempts to express more than one feeling, or to describe more than one series of emotions. His charm lies in his perfect sincerity, his unaffected tenderness, and a certain directness and honesty which give his work an out-of-door flavor. It is by no means lacking in literary allusion, and it reveals a trained and ripe mind, but it is free from literary affectation; there is no smell of the lamp about it. This volume begins with one of the most vigorous and popular of Mr. Burton's poems, "Song of the Unsuccessful," which first appeared in the columns of The Outlook. It contains a group of poems interpretative of musical themes, and a larger group of nature pieces, and it closes with songs about childhood and with a little group of reveries and prayers. The quality of the volume is illustrated by two short poems, chosen almost at random:

THEN

You cannot understand, my little one,
Why tears of tenderness make blind my eyes,
In looking on your face that, like the sun,
Sheds gladness like a morn of sweet sunrise.

Perplext, you touch me with a wondering hand;
Thank God, 'tis so—for when long years are fled—
Then will you know, remember, understand—
Then, in the dream-like years when I am dead.

REVERY

Evening

Dim grows the wood; the amber evening tints
Merge into opal skies and stars just seen;
Down vistas gloomed and winding there are hints
Of elves and gnomes along the mosses green.

Midnight

A holy song the thrush has distant sung;
The tree-tops murmur like some dreaming sea;
Hark! far away a silvern bell has rung
Twelve strokes, slow tolled, that faint and fade from me.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Angevin Empire (The); or, The Three Reigns of Henry II., Richard, and John (A.D. 1154–1216). By Sir James H. Ramsay, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5½×9 in. 556 pages. $3.25, net.

The title of this work, though novel, is congruous with fact. Henry II. of England was sovereign also of the western half of France, and the most powerful monarch of his time. He was, however, a Frenchman, and the ruling classes of England were essentially French. Little was there in the England of his time that was English, except the villeins. The language was not yet fixed. What Miss Norgate has done in her spirited work, "John Lackland," Sir James Ramsay has done for the reigns of Henry and his weaker sons, Richard and John. The reign of Henry was of enduring significance, especially in determining the future relations of Church and State, in changing feudalism from a system of government to a system of land tenure, and in supplanting the chaos of local codes by the introduction of uniform law. Large space is given here to the conflict between the Church and the Crown, in which Becket perished. Strangely contrasted with Henry's success as a legislator and administrator was his failure to get on well with his sons, his warfare with whom smacks more of Asiatic than European life. Less interest attaches to the reigns of Richard and John, save for the picturesque adventures of the former as a Crusader, and the Great Charter of English rights that was extorted from the tyranny of the latter. The sixty years covered by the author are of importance in history as a transitional period, in which the fusion of races was going on in England and social order was being established on permanent foundations. His work, based on an independent use of original authorities in conjunction with the studies of recent writers, is both valuable and interesting.

Archierey of Samara (The): A Semi-Historic Romance of Russian Life. By Henry Iliowizi. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 337 pages.

Russian persecution of the Hebrews under Nicholas I. forms the warp and woof of this romance, through which the loves of Isaiah and Athaliah run like golden threads. Life in the "Pale of the Jewish Settlement," its pathos, humor, tenderness, tragedy, is drawn with force and picturesque effect. The conscription of the boys while of so tender an age that they could be the more easily induced—even forced—into the Greek Church, was the climax of tortures which the inhabitants suffered helplessly. Once a synagogue in which a wedding was going on was surrounded and the bridegroom was torn from his bride to be made a soldier of the Czar, his attendants sharing his fate. Isaiah became a bishop of the Greek Church, but remained a Jew at heart, secretly leading Jews in Hebrew forms of worship.

At the Beautiful Gate: A Book of Poems for the Heart. By I. Mench Chambers. Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 141 pages. $1.

Beyond Death. By Hugh Johnston, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 330 pages. $1.25.

Various allusions in the preface and elsewhere indicate that Dr. Johnston has been moved to write this book by apprehension of the "dangerous" tendency of that book on "The Last Things" which brought upon Professor Beet such trouble from his fellow-Wesleyans in England. If it were deemed desirable to refute Professor Beet, a more formidable champion should have stepped into the ring. He can hardly regard as a foeman worthy of his steel a writer who argues that "the reanimation of the once dead body" is what is meant by resurrection, and, referring to our care for burial-places, asks, "Why this care for the body, if it is never to be wanted again by the owner?" The author modestly confesses to far less learning and ability than belong to some other men who have written on "these obscure and difficult subjects," else it would be inexcusable, in the present diffusion of geological knowledge, to speak of mankind as living on top of "seven thousand six hundred miles of liquid fire," that may at any time burn through the top of the oven.

Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers. (Second Series.) Edited by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., L.H.D. (Yale Centennial Publications.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 397 pages. $6, net.

Five years ago the Macmillan Company published the first installment of this work, in which for the first time was a "distinct practical recognition" "that Old English Biblical translations might be recovered from Old English writers as the original Scriptures are recoverable from quotations in Patristic literature." The present work is the complement to the former, so that the quotations from the chief Old English texts are now before the reader; these are so numerous and so various that only four books of the Old Testament are not represented (Ruth, Nehemiah, Obadiah, and Nahum), and only 2d and 3d John of the New Testament. Owing to the scanty remains of Old English (or Anglo-Saxon) Biblical translations, these volumes will go far in throwing light on the Biblical instruction of the Old English church. Professor Cook also suggests their usefulness for synonymic study, by comparison of the different versions of the same text. It is the work of supererogation to speak of the completeness and accuracy of Professor Cook's volume, in its quoting

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of the (proximate) Latin originals, in its references to text and passage both of the Old English and of the Latin, and in its careful indexing.

Blue Flower of Methodism (The). By Claudius B. Spencer, D.D., Litt.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×6½ in. 42 pages. 25c., net.

Borough (The): A Poem. By the Rev. George Crabbe. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 339 pages. 50c.

Next after "Tales in the Hall" this volume contains probably the most representative work of George Crabbe, the poet who was born in Suffolk County, England, in 1754, and died in 1832, and whose work is agreeable chiefly for its exact fidelity to life. Crabbe is very little read in these days; far less than he deserves. It would be well if more students of English poetry gave more attention to him.

Business and Love. By Hugues Le Roux. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.20, net.

M. Le Roux seeks to be more kind than the gods in letting us see ourselves as others see us. After a lecture-tour in this country he sets down his "impressions" of things American. They constitute from first to last an arraignment of the American home, American educational methods, our social system, and, above all, of the American women. France, he says, is the center of all the domestic virtues—and he refers us to that country as furnishing models by which we may mend our ways. This is really amusing; one wonders if M. Le Roux is joking! The American woman, he avers, is a spendthrift, will not marry, will not keep house, will not bear children—in all of which respects the Frenchwoman is an example of perfection! The American woman "has reduced man to just where she wanted him to be," and then does not like him. After declaring man's intellectual superiority a recognized fact everywhere, he rails at the American woman because the American man is her intellectual inferior. The American man will hardly be grateful for this. In spite of glaring absurdities and ludicrous contradictions, the book gives us food for thought in calling attention to defects in our social system, of which we are self-informed, but of which we cannot think too much.

Catechism of General Information about the Bible for Use in Sunday-Schools and Elsewhere. Prepared by Theodore P. Prudden. Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston. 5×8 in. 73 pages. Paper bound.

An outline summary, at once frank and conservative, of the facts about the Bible that have been established by enlightened modern scholarship. Its use will tend to make popular study of the Bible intelligent.

Cavalier (The). By George W. Cable. (The Julia Marlowe Edition.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 311 pages. $1.50.

A new edition called out by the dramatization of Mr. Cable's novel, with pictures of Miss Marlowe and others of the cast.

Cliveden. By Kenyon West. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 473 pages. $1.50.

A story of the Revolution, opening just before the battle of Germantown and in the vicinity of that village. The fierce fight made by a British regiment in the old Chew residence against "Mad Anthony Wayne" and his men supplies stirring chapters. The heroine is, of course, an American girl in love with a British soldier, since she is not a British girl in love with an American. In the first paragraph she looks out of a window and sees two horsemen riding up to the house; their identity is not disclosed for so many pages that the reader has almost forgotten them; this is not the only instance in which good rules of construction are violated, and situations, instead of being led up to, are explained backward. Washington, Howe, and other famous characters figure in the romance.

Child's Garden of Verses (A). By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. Rand & McNally Co., New York. 6×8 in. 93 pages.

David and Bathshua: A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 100 pages.

Down North and Up Along. By Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages. $1.

The next best thing to going one's self to Nova Scotia is to read this book; to people who have visited the country it will recall pleasant memories; those contemplating a visit may find in its perusal happy preparation. Over one hundred miles of the journey which the author and her companion took "Down North" were made in a wagon drawn by Dan, an entertaining horse. The style is healthy and breezy; solid information about cod-fisheries and other practical matters is given with wit and grace; and pathos is not wanting in the tale of simple and earnest lives with which the travelers came in touch.

Emphasised Bible (The): A New Translation Designed to Set Forth the Exact Meaning, the Proper Terminology, and the Graphic Style of the Sacred Originals: Arranged to Show at a Glance Narrative, Speech, Parallelism, and Logical Analysis, also to Enable the Student Readily to Distinguish the Several Divine Names, and Emphasised Throughout after the Idioms of the Hebrew and Greek Tongues. By Joseph Bryant Rotherham. Vols. I.-III. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 7½×10 in.

Mr. Rotherham's "New Testament Critically Emphasised" has brought him commendation. These three volumes of the Old Testament, a much more laborious work, will add to it. The marks of thorough scholarship and painstaking care are everywhere conspicuous. The law of parsimony in the use of artificial signs of emphasis and of varieties of type, so liable to perplex and weary the reader, has been judiciously observed. Apart from the use of signs, the emphasis of the original is well sustained by preserving the original emphatic arrangement of the words; *e.g.*, Psalm xv. 5,

> He that putteth not out his money to usury,
> Nor taketh reward against the innocent,

is thus arranged, closely following the Hebrew:

> His silver hath he not put out on interest,
> Nor a bribe against the innocent hath he taken.

The Hebrew text followed is the revised Massoretic recently edited by Dr. Ginsburg. The foot-notes and various readings are helpful to the scholar, and not perplexing to the English reader. The new translation is as

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meritorious as any single-handed work of the sort is likely to be, though for an individual work we should accord preference to that of the late Professor Noyes, of Harvard. In Psalm xv. 5, for instance, Mr. Rotherham's translation,

> He that doeth these things shall not be shaken unto *times age-abiding*,

where the italicized words stand for *l'olam*, usually rendered "forever," they are a needlessly literal substitute for the uniform rendering of our current versions, "shall never be moved." In Psalm xvi. 2, 3, where the Revised Version is more luminous than the Authorized, Mr. Rotherham prefers a rendering closely similar to the latter. In Proverbs xxv. 2, where both versions compare him who sings songs to a heavy heart to "one that taketh off a garment on a cold day," Mr. Rotherham prefers to translate "as splendor on a cold day." In the poetical books of the Old Testament the best Hebrew scholars are sometimes widely apart in their renderings, and individual translators for the general reader do well to heed the consensus of opinion. The work is published in fine typographical form, attractive to the eye and convenient for use.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×6¾ in. 154 pages.

Filigree Ball (The): Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Jeffrey-Moore Affair. By Anna Katharine Green. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 418 pages.

This detective story has the exciting quality characteristic of Anna Katharine Green's work.

Gap in the Garden (The). By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 358 pages. $1.50.

If it were not for the cheerful and wholesome "Biddy" who is not the heroine, this book might be disposed of in the one word "morbid." The strange spiritual affinity and bodily resemblance between the crippled heroine and the invalid Kelwin, his queer power of knowing what is happening at a distance, the scraps of philosophy that fall from his lips, and the sharp, bright sayings which the girl utters, will doubtless possess a strong sort of fascination for people who like stories dealing with the "occult;" those who do not may be inclined to set down almost everybody in the book as "crazy," and the book itself as having good title to the same descriptive adjective.

Genetic Psychology for Teachers. By Charles Hubbard Judd, Ph.D. (The International Education Series.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 329 pages. $1.20, net.

Finding that the results of child-study have thus far been rather meager, Professor Judd recommends more teacher-study as the still lacking preliminary. The fundamental pedagogical principle he holds to be this: "that the teacher should first understand the inner nature of his own mental processes, and seek in his own understanding of these processes the methods of teaching." To this the discussions here presented are a directory, both of principles and of applications, that has been found to work well in practice with a group of teacher-pupils. As specimens of the thoroughness recommended by Professor Judd in teacher-study, his chapters on "The Teacher's Writing Habit" and on the inner nature of "The Process of Reading" will command general attention. His entire work is fresh and stimulating. He is an impartial critic both of traditional mechanism and of modern illusions, and the new ideals of development are effectively presented.

Girl of Ideas (A). By Annie Flint. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 349 pages.

The struggles of an author to dispose of her manuscripts; the disappointments, heartaches, and cold cash which her efforts cost her, reduce her to a desperate strait. It occurs to her that the thing to do is to open an office and sell her ideas to writers who have none. She drives a thriving trade, keeps ideas in a ledger and retails them offhand to writers who drop five and ten dollar bills on her desk in exchange for a joke, a poem, or some other little thing. She has a nice love affair as well as bright "ideas," and the book is amusing and enjoyable.

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College, 1766–1773. By One of the Class of 1763. Edited by W. Jay Mills. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 182 pages. $2, net.

It is a satisfaction to note the increasing number of small volumes giving intimate glimpses of American Colonial society. The journals of Maria Bayard and of Sally Wister, recently published, are such books. The present volume is worthy of a place alongside them. Mr. Mills, the author of "Historic Houses of New Jersey," has edited these reminiscences so as to give to us great variety in the chapters; for instance, we have some pertinent reflections on "The Study of Law," on "A Philadelphia Actor," on "A Picture of Perfect Friendship," on "The Charms of Miss Rebecca Redmond," on "Commencement at Princeton," and on "College Frolics." The author of these papers was William Paterson, who was graduated at Princeton in 1763, and later succeeded William Livingston as Governor of New Jersey. It is indeed a pleasant and profitable thing, after having studied the outlines of American history through the ordinary text-books and reference-books, to transfer ourselves into the real atmosphere of olden time by such a volume as that which Mr. Mills has so well edited—a transfer otherwise impossible.

Greater Russia: The Continental Empire of the Old World. By Wirt Gerrare. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 337 pages. $3, net.

Like Gaul, Greater Russia is divided into three parts, of which the most interesting, Mr. Gerrare thinks, is that to the east of Lake Baikal. More than any other part of the Russian Empire, it is swayed by British and American influence. While eastern Siberians are bound to recognize the Government at St. Petersburg and to admit it as supreme, what really interests them, the author affirms, is the English and American view of matters commercial, industrial, and political. In the Pacific ports and on the Amur River the Siberian

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merchants get into touch with the new rivals from the West; the result is that fresh ideas and different aspirations are instilled among the people. Mr. Gerrare's observations are similar to those of Mr. Shoemaker in the latter's book published a fortnight ago. Both writers conclude that the Russians are bound to succeed in colonizing Siberia and Manchuria, and give abundant reasons for so thinking. In both books we find statements surprising to those who have not made an actual study of the Russian Empire on the ground; for instance, Mr. Gerrare tells us that during these later years Moscow is outdistancing St. Petersburg as a commercial center—the ordinary reader is apt to think of Moscow very much as Mr. Gerrare himself pictured it in his delightful "Story of Moscow," published some time ago, as to a great extent a mediæval city. Again, it would seem that Poland has immediately been benefited by recent industrial developments more than Russia. Mr. Gerrare tells us that the Poles possess greater practical knowledge than the Russians, and have established factories whose products find a market in Russia at remunerative prices. But the Poles in the west and the Mongols in the east have nothing in common as sons of the Russian Empire, save an admitted allegiance to their Russian conquerors. A coalition of non-Russians against the State, the author asserts, would result in an absolute shattering of the Empire into many antagonistic fragments. The present volume, therefore, is of peculiar interest in showing that the heterogeneity of its subjects is at once the Russian Empire's weakness and strength.

Greek Composition for Schools, with Exercises Based on Anabasis I-III, College Entrance Papers, and Original Selections. By Robert J. Bonner. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 248 pages.

Her Lord and Master. By Martha Morton. Illustrated. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 475 pages. $1.50.

There have been many instances of novels turned into plays; here is a play turned into a novel. The millionaire American father who gives his daughter everything she wants, and who obeys her, is, next to the girl herself, the central figure. She marries an Englishman; he convinces her that he is head of his house, by measures that to the reader if not to his wife must put him at sad disadvantage with American husbands and fathers, if comparisons are to be drawn and this writer to be believed.

How to Make Money: Eighty Novel and Practical Suggestions for Untrained Women's Work, Based on Actual Experience. Edited by Katharine Newbold Birdsall. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 249 pages. $1, net.

House Building and Furnishing: Being a Combined New Edition of "Model Houses for Little Money," by William L. Price, and "Inside of 100 Homes," by W. M. Johnson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 140 pages. $1, net.

How to secure beauty and convenience in a home at moderate cost is the theme of this book, which gathers into one volume a series of articles that have appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal." Building plans of houses ranging in cost from $1,000 to $4,500, and of churches costing from $1,800 to $3,200, and economic schemes for furnishing the former, are given, with full illustrations and architects' drawings.

India's Problem: Krishna or Christ. By John P. Jones, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 369 pages. $1.50, net.

This problem has been gradually working toward its issue for a hundred years. Nearly a century since, the Directors of the East India Company pronounced the sending of Christian missionaries to India "the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." Quite recently the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal spoke otherwise: "Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined." The final issue is not reached yet, but present conditions, as exhibited in this volume, furnish ground for the most hopeful forecast. The leaven of Christianity is slowly but surely transforming Hinduism. The Hindu conception of Christ has changed from antipathy to sympathy. In a lecture to Hindus an orthodox Hindu asks, "How can we be blind to the greatness, the unrivaled splendor of Jesus Christ?" The addresses of Dr. Jones produced a deep impression during his recent visit home, and his book, issued since his return to India, will deepen and confirm that impression by its sketch of the conditions and results of the work advancing there. Not least among the grounds of a hopeful forecast of its issue is the fact that the problem is better understood now than in the earlier stages of the work. The rule of give and take has its application even as between Hinduism and Christianity, though in unequal measure. Of this Dr. Jones, who shows himself thoroughly open-minded, is quite convinced.

Jewish Forerunners of Christianity. By Adolph Danziger. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50, net.

One only of the nine great Rabbis here commemorated can be strictly called a forerunner of Christianity—Hillel, whom Dean Stanley has called "the morning star of the bright dawn that was rising in the hills of Galilee," a man whose temper was singularly congenial to that of Jesus. The rest are of later date during the first and second centuries. All great men, unknown to-day outside of a narrow circle, they all deserve to be known for the part they bore in developing a cosmopolitan character in Judaism, and its firm center of nationality in its rabbinic literature.

Jugendliebe. By Adolf Wilbrandt. Edited by Theodore Henckels. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4⅓×6½ in. 87 pages. 30c.

Keys of the Kingdom and Other Sermons (The). By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 121 pages.

Kindergarten Stories for the Sunday-School and Home. By Laura Ella Cragin. Illustrated. The New Era Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 316 pages. $1.25, net.

An intelligent and, on the whole, successful attempt to convey to the child the incidents

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and events in the life of Christ in the form of familiar stories, told with the simplicity and fullness of illustration which are characteristic of the best work in the kindergarten. There are few stories in the world so difficult to translate into still simpler forms as those which enrich the pages of the New Testament; but in order to arouse the attention of little children, these stories may in some cases be amplified to advantage. This is what has been done in this volume; the details have been expanded and filled in, the treatment being throughout reverential and in excellent taste.

Legatee (The). By Alice Prescott Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 324 pages. $1.50.

A story of the troubles of a "legatee" who comes into ownership of a lumber-mill in Wisconsin, and is disliked by some of the people of the town because he is a Southerner, by others because he is not a prohibitionist, by still others because he is a capitalist. The raw material is good, and there are genuine local color and special knowledge, but in the writing the book has not been clearly or strongly worked out.

Life of Bret Harte (The). By T. Edgar Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 358 pages. $3.50, net. (Postage, 20c.)

The plain truth about this Life is that, in so far as it is made up of Bret Harte's letters, reports of his talks, and quotations from his books, it is thoroughly enjoyable; but if one looks to it for a critical estimate or for a well-written memoir he will be sadly disappointed. Here is a specimen of Mr. Pemberton's critical style: "Many tear-laden eyes, many quivering lips have been soothed by the verses of Bret Harte. They have done more than this. They have brought the tear and the lip tremble to thousands of readers who have felt their chastening influence and thus been softened." And equally inflated is his concluding remark after a long (and quite unnecessary) discussion as to whether Harte did or did not pay his bills promptly: "In face of such evidence as this, surely the viper—slander—may be ruthlessly trodden under foot." To any one who knows how books may be made mechanically, there is much unconscious humor in the pages devoted to gazetteer information about Albany, where Harte lived as a boy, interspersed with eloquent remarks as to what the budding genius must have felt and thought when he learned that Albany was founded in such a year, and that its name was once changed, and so on, and so on. In every way the book is hastily made, and those who love Bret Harte will hope for a more adequate work. Fortunately, however, the author has had access to many letters, and these simply sparkle with humor and keen bits of comment. In them are found most welcome and acceptable side-lights on Bret Harte's life, methods of working, and tastes.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 180 pages. $1, net.

This little volume is in Mr. Dunbar's best vein. He is a poet of song, whose gift lies in the expression of a simple emotion or the description of a common experience. His work is characterized by breadth, directness, and, at its best, sound emotional quality, rather than by range of interests, intellectual curiosity, or skill in the use of varied forms of verse. His gift of humor is, next to his gift of sentiment, his most characteristic quality. He is best in dialect verse, because in that verse he is dealing at first hand with emotions and experiences which lie behind him in the history of his race. The freshness of his feeling, his genial humor, and his unaffected sentiment are well illustrated in this little poem:

THE LOOKING-GLASS

Dinah stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say, "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do'.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han';
Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 'tuz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

Light in Dark Places: A Spiritual Imagination. By Newman Smyth. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 26 pages. 35c.

Mary North. By Lucy Rider Meyer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Though in plot and construction this novel is crude, yet it was worth writing and it is worth reading—indeed, every one ought to read it, if the conditions surrounding working-girls in great cities are as portrayed. Deaconess Meyer will be considered good authority, and many will feel that, even though this is fiction, she has not overdrawn her picture of the temptations and perils besetting girl toilers in the world markets. The measure by which she proposes to correct evils described is good as a surface remedy, doubtless, and has much in various ways to recommend it, but it is a surface remedy merely; by raising domestic service to the dignity of a profession she hopes to draw girls out of shops.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 (The): Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. I., 1493-1529. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 357 pages.

This is the first volume of an important historical undertaking. The editors have selected from a vast mass of manuscripts and books documents which form the sources of Philippine history. The present volume covers the period from 1493, when Pope Alexander laid

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down the limits between Spanish and Portuguese rule, to 1529, about which time Transylvanus wrote his singular and picturesque letters, "De Moluccis Insulis." Naturally, such a work appeals to the scholar rather than to the general reader, but it must be added that the editors have found not a few passages of dramatic human interest. We shall speak further of the work when it has progressed further.

Personal Salvation: A Treatment of the Doctrines of Conversion and Christian Experience. By Edward N. Cantwell, B.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 216 pages. 75c.

Physical Chemistry for Physicians and Biologists. By Dr. Ernst Cohen. Translated by Martin H. Fischer, M.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 343 pages. $1.75.

Position of the Laity in the Church (The). By Alfred Barry, D.D., D.C.L. (The Church's Outlook.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 155 pages. $1, net.

This book is meant for those readers who are interested in the concerns of the Church of England. The author, who was formerly Primate of Australia, holds that the authority of the Church from Apostolic times has been reposed, not in the clergy, but in the whole body. He traces historically the varying power of the laity, and concludes by saying that this power ought to be given constitutional recognition in the Church. A recent Act of Parliament has, by the way, granted such recognition in one respect—that of discipline. The difficulty involved in the inconsistency between the theory that "every baptized Englishman" is within the fold of the Church and the fact that many baptized Englishmen prefer "some other denomination," the author first clearly states and then undertakes to meet.

Prairie Winter (A). By an Illinois Girl. The Outlook Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 64 pages. $1, net.

There are some very simple and sincere bits of word-painting in this record of experiences and thoughts. It was evidently written, not for the world to read, but because the writer felt the need of expression. There are shrewd and gently humorous glances at human nature, and everywhere is a deep and true appreciation of out-of-door nature.

Private Life of the Romans (The). By Harold Whetstone Johnston. (The Lake Classical Series.) Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 344 pages.

This is an entertaining as well as instructive book, whether for the college student or for the general reader. The shadowy forms that people ancient history seem to be brought nearer as the telescope is turned upon them that reveals them in all the detail of real life, whether in business or amusement, in their travels and their correspondence, giving us the menu of the feast and the tariff of the lodging-house, the playthings and pets of children, their games and schools. It is profusely illustrated and well indexed.

Richard Rosny. By Maxwell Gray. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 507 pages.

There is some similarity between this book and "The Silence of Dean Maitland," inasmuch as the situation upon which the interest of the story turns in each case is crime concealed. In working out conclusions, however, the author sounds a new note; the deed is condoned, the concealment justified. The slayer, instead of surrendering himself to the law, takes up the dead man's burden himself, risks his own life to save other lives, and betters the conditions of all about him to the fullness of his power, confessing his sin only when another is imperiled by his silence. The book's lesson seems this: expiation in service involving sacrifice is to be preferred to sacrifice that is not service.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. Part III. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

To this installment Mr. Percy Bate contributes an article on the future development of oil painting. The most interesting part of Mr. Bate's essay is his consideration of the imaginative element, as shown in the work of Watts and Rossetti—the phase of art that sets off the achievements of to-day from those of a century ago. In conclusion, the author emphasizes sanity and individuality as the essentials to the greatest growth. The six illustrations are well selected and admirably reproduced. The best picture is a colored sketch by Sir E. A. Waterlaw, entitled "October Evening, Picardy."

Sermons. By Rev. Jacob S. Shipman, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 177 pages.

The author of these sermons was one of the most thoughtful men who has spoken from a New York pulpit during the last two decades; a preacher of very quiet manner, but of extraordinary clearness of thought, soundness of judgment, and power of lucid statement; a preacher pre-eminently to thoughtful men and women. This volume is entirely apart from the great mass of books of sermons. It is characterized by a simplicity of statement, a freshness of treatment, and a lucidity of style which make it extremely easy to read and extremely refreshing. It deals almost entirely with the general subject of the resurrection and the immortality of the spiritual life, both here and hereafter. Its approach to this great and difficult theme is direct and thoroughly rational; the treatment is pre-eminently suggestive; and the book wins and persuades by its dispassionateness and its common sense. It is a book which will clear up many difficult things for many minds, and which no one can read without stimulus and profit.

Spanish Grammar. By Professor Schilling. Translated and Edited by Frederick Zagel. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages.

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

The esoteric contrivances worked into this novel are clumsy. The bit of political life is hardly worth while. The love story does not hold one with any strong human interest. But the book has just one point of value—it

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shows forcibly, though by allegory, the power and peril of the passion for money. The story is prefaced by this quotation from Rousseau: "If, in order that you might inherit a great fortune from a Mandarin . . . whom you had never seen or heard of, you had merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the Mandarin?" "What a confounded silly question!" says the hero; "any fellow would!" The spot appears on his wall; and he touches it.

Study of Poetry (The): A Guide to English Literature. By Matthew Arnold. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 121 pages. 75c.

This little volume contains two very characteristic and eminently helpful literary studies: the first on "The Study of Poetry," which appeared as a general introduction to Mr. Ward's admirable anthology, "The English Poets," and the second, "A Guide to English Literature," which is a note of the most reminiscent kind on Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature."

Talks to Boys and Girls: Kite Talks, Random Talks, the Life I Ought to Live. By Rev. Sydney Strong. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages.

Traitors (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

The kind of fiction-construction which Anthony Hope popularized in "The Prisoner of Zenda" is followed, and perhaps too closely, in the saving resemblance between the King of Theos and a newspaper correspondent who personates him. However, the story has some delightful qualities all its own, because the heroine is an American girl with a "typical" American father. She sends her sweetheart, the king, a whole battery of Maxim guns for a little present. When the pinch comes, her father foots the bills of the war with Turkey and Russia.

Triumphs of Science. (Youth's Companion Series.) Edited by M. A. L. Lane. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 154 pages.

True Tales of Mountain Adventure for Non-Climbers, Young and Old. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 299 pages. $3, net.

There could not be more thrilling narratives than these accounts of the conquering of mountains. Some relate to famous deeds of the past, others to recent experiences. While every one will concur with the author's encomiums on mountaineering as a manly sport, exhilarating and full of joy, the book also brings out so vividly the tragedies of the sport that one wishes that law or common sense might limit the ambition of climbers. There are many really fine reproductions of photographs.

Walda. By Mary Holland Kinkaid. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

Walda, the prophetess of "Zanah," an American religious community which puts a ban on love and marriage, finds her heart besieged by a worldly visitor. The community schoolmaster, who is likewise an elder and of course pledged to celibacy, loves her, though unconsciously, until jealousy of the intruder reveals his secret to himself. The gossip of the "sisters," the avarice of the elders, the wisdom of the "fool," the quaint customs of the community, compose an atmosphere of blended piety and vanity, humor and pathos, which gives color to the book. The field chosen is not so overworked as some others that keep novelists busy.

Wheeler's Graded Readers: A First Reader. By Gail Calmerton and William H. Wheeler. W. H. Wheeler & Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 125 pages.

Wheeler's Graded Readers: A Primer. By Gail Calmerton and William H. Wheeler. Illustrated. W. H. Wheeler & Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 127 pages.

When Angels Came to Men. By Margaret E. Sangster. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 156 pages. $1, net.

Mrs. Sangster has gathered into the compass of this volume accounts of the visitation of angels to men, with the Bible as the basis of her record; the angel at the gate of Eden, angels by tent door and desert path, angels ascending and descending Jacob's ladder, angels of rescue and defense, of service (as that angel who seemed to have cooked food for Elijah), and of annunciation, appear in her story, their missions so interpreted that the lessons drawn may be helpfully applied to daily life. Angels in soft raiment or in laborers' garments still come to men; and our own kindred or the passing stranger may be the messenger or helper divinely commissioned.

When Patty Went to College. By Jean Webster. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 280 pages. $1.50.

An unusually well-written collection of Vassar stories, distinctly one of the most entertaining books of its kind that has appeared, descriptive in a very amusing way of the doings and sayings of a group of clever college girls; the material is handled with more skill and maturity of judgment than usual, and the incidents selected are unusually free from the evidences of extreme youthfulness which books of this class usually reveal.

Works of Shakespeare (The): The Tragedy of Othello. Edited by H. C. Hart. (The Arden Shakespeare.) Methuen & Co., London. 6×8¾ in. 256 pages.

World and its Peoples (The): Book XI. The Story of the Philippines. By Adeline Knapp. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 295 pages. 60c.

Young People's History of Holland. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50, net.

Mr. Griffis always writes graphically and clearly; often he adds the salt of wit and the aid of apt anecdote. This history of Holland from the time of the Frisians to the reign of Wilhelmina is well adapted for children's reading; it is also admirably adapted for older readers who wish a brief but not arid account of the history of this wonderful people. It may well be read in connection with Mr. Griffis's well-known little book, "Brave Little Holland." Great pains have evidently been taken with the illustration of the present history, which includes some interesting double-page and many single-page pictures.

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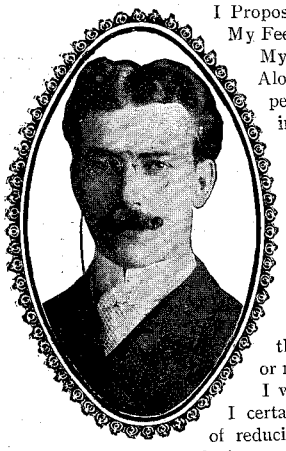

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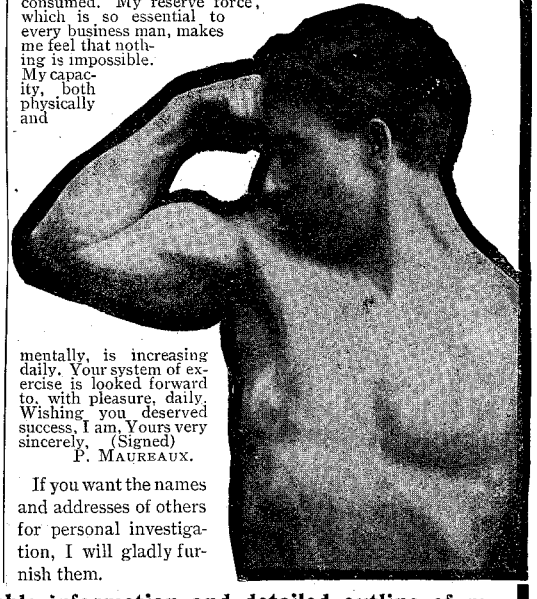

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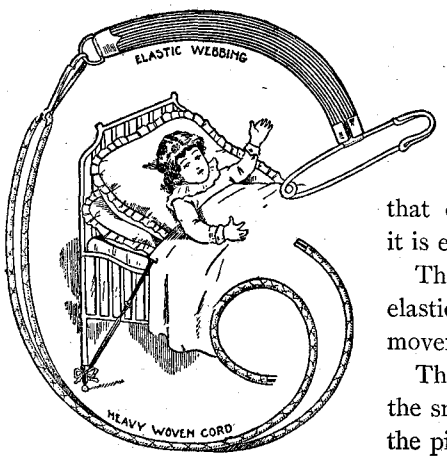

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